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BATTLESHIPS may still be the pride of the navy but experts agree that the next war will be decided by death rained on men from the air or directed against them from beneath the waters. The development of aerial and chemical warfare will be hard—though not impossible—to check, but it is as practical for the nations to prevent the building of submarines as of great battleships. Emphatically such prohibition should be added to Mr. Hughes's program. It is inconceivable that the United States which has led the way to a naval holiday will not at this point accept the British objection to the submarine and go to the limit in abolishing it. *The Nation,* which has often had occasion to deplore the attitude of the press, can only rejoice that such papers as the New York *Herald* and *Times* have taken up this campaign.

ANATOLE FRANCE, in the appeal to America which he made through the columns of *The Nation,* said that Sacco and Vanzetti were "condemned for a crime of opinion." Some of our daily contemporaries grow almost dithyrambic in their denunciation of the sage old man of Europe. Sacco and Vanzetti, they say, were convicted of murder. True; the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, Anatole France, and the friends of the two Italians who have protested their conviction in two hemispheres know it well; and still they claim that Sacco and Vanzetti were condemned for a crime of opinion. The New York *World* and the *Evening Post* may still be ignorant of the facts of the case; they may not know that when the two men were first arrested they were questioned only about their radical activities and that the suggestion of a murder charge grew up later; they may not know that the trial was held in an atmosphere of martial law—but if they do not know it that is their own fault, and it is because they have failed in their function of news-gatherers and news-disseminators. The *World,* startled by the world-wide resentment against the verdict, is now running a series of scare-head stories about the "spread of a red vendetta." For months the editorial offices of all the New York newspapers have been flooded with stories of the injustice done the two Italians; yet they awake to comment on it only when an obscure fanatic—or agent provocateur—in some distant capital is maddened, by stories—too many of them true—of American legal injustice, into throwing a bomb. It is the belief of thousands of men and women who followed the trial with anxious interest that Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted because they were "Reds" and aliens. Great newspapers have no right to be ignorant of such facts.

GOSSIP has it that when someone told one of the Irish peace negotiators that Lloyd George was much embarrassed at the pledges he had given Ulster the Irishman replied: "Why does Mr. George discriminate so against Ulster? Has he not at some time or other broken his pledge to every other country in Europe?" After all, independent Ulster—"Carsonia"—was created by Mr. Lloyd George and his friends for political purposes, and what they created they can destroy. Protestants in Ireland, especially the Protestant community of northeastern Ulster, are entitled to the most rigorous guaranties of religious rights. These Sinn Fein is ready to extend. And it is wise statesmanship to give a large measure of autonomy to the region around Belfast. To this also Sinn Fein has agreed. If in spite of these concessions the Orangemen will yield nothing, it will become the duty of lovers of justice everywhere to bring moral pressure upon them to recede from their extreme position. The action of the British Unionist Party in indorsing peace negotiations is a step in the right direction. If this moral pressure does not avail the only reasonable alternative will be to hold a plebiscite by counties with the understanding that the area still dominated by Orange separatist feeling will not be coerced by arms but will be forbidden to continue to practice pogroms against its own minority and will be deprived of those economic advantages which would have accrued to it by organic connection with the rest of Ireland.

NEWS is—what the news agencies choose to make it. Particularly Indian news. We read that the Prince of Wales landed at Bombay amid a tumult of enthusiasm and that the city decked itself in gay colors to greet him. We read columns of this stuff; and then six or eight lines reporting native riots "attributed by the authorities to agitation by followers of Mahatma Gandhi." Official welcomes we take for granted; of the native reception we should like

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to know more. Not so much the New York papers as official propaganda in India is responsible for the distorted stories that reach us. Whenever there is violence in India the authorities blame it on Gandhi. Falsely—for to anyone who reads Indian papers it is plain that Gandhi does his uttermost to restrain violent expression of the growing bitterness against British exploitation.

NATIONALISTIC literature is a common phenomenon but not such literature as comes out of India. No popular leader ever preached self-government or independence more uncompromisingly than Gandhi preaches Swaraj, but never was emancipation preached in such extraordinary terms. Would you be free, says Gandhi. Then make an end to the traffic in liquor and opium, begin to treat your 50,000,000 untouchables (pariahs) as brothers. Do not compromise with the oppression of British rule, but conquer it without hate and without violence simply by refusing to cooperate with it or even to obey it. And India listens; women as well as men rally to the national cause. When the famous Ali brothers were arrested their mother took up their work. At meeting after meeting she begs Moslems and Hindus alike to do no violence but to follow in the way of Gandhi. This is a spirit that armies cannot defeat. If it endures and increases not only is the day of the British raj done, but mankind has learned the secret of its own freedom, a secret not learned in centuries of warfare.

THE Tide Water Oil Company accumulated a total surplus of over ten million dollars between 1916 and 1920. Each year the company distributed in dividends only a portion of its net earnings. In spite of this policy Tide Water stockholders have received from 10 to 22 per cent annually on the par value of their holdings. In the latter part of last year the company first felt the effect of business depression and the dividend rate was reduced to 8 per cent. During the present year when the company has been actually operating at a loss, dividends have still been distributed to stockholders at the same rate—out of the surplus accumulated in the previous years. Payments of $1,000,000 were made in March, June, and September. In addition an extra dividend of 2 per cent—$1,000,000 more—was declared in June. In February of this year, however, the Tide Water Oil Company reduced the wages of the two thousand workers in its Bayonne plant 10 per cent. Recently a new cut of from 17 to 24 per cent was announced. The workers, goaded beyond endurance, struck. The figures show that a 1 per cent decrease in the dividend rate to stockholders would allow at least a 15 per cent increase in the wage rates at the plant. Is labor everywhere to be made the scapegoat of business "readjustment"?

A LITTLE while ago every railroad station posted statistical arguments to prove that the increase in railroad rates when properly apportioned was so small as scarcely to be felt by producers or consumers. Now, before station masters have had time to rip the old placards from the walls, the railroad executives announce a 10 per cent cut in freight rates on agricultural products. This reduction they make, according to their own story, because of their intense sympathy with the farmer. Truly an impressive change of front, but not without guile. It appears that the cut is to be in effect only for six months unless, in the meantime, railroad wages have been reduced. In other words, the whole move is a device to win the sympathy of the farmers and of the consuming public for the railroad executives in their struggle with labor. Whether it will succeed we do not pretend to prophesy, but of this we are certain: No system of railroad management can prosper while one Government board passes on rates and another on wages, and railroad executives juggle rates against wages for their own profit. Mr. Stone, president of the Brotherhood of Engineers, gave the only clue to the solution of the problem. "We will not," said he, "consent to the proposal that wages shall be reduced in order that rates may be lowered *so long as we have no control whatever over management*, and no voice in those processes by which rates ought justly to be determined." The essence of the Plumb Plan was its proposal to give labor a share in the government of the industry from which it derives its living. Until that is done there will be an irrepressible conflict between the owners and the men, and both sides will scheme according to the best of their ability to win the support of a public which concerns itself only about uninterrupted service at the lowest possible cost.

IN St. Louis, Missouri, a Lithuanian named Joseph Baltrufatis has just been sentenced to two years' imprisonment by a Federal court for "distributing" communist literature to a government spy who had won his friendship. The conviction was obtained under war legislation for an alleged crime committed in November, 1920, two years after the signing of the armistice. Technically, the Espionage Act was in force; morally, persecutions under it were utterly unjustified. The conviction itself was an offense against civil liberty; its enormity was heightened by the use of a law never meant to apply in peacetime. Against such judicial injustice it is a pleasure to set the decision of Judge Alfred Talley of New York vindicating the rights of individuals to protest, by distributing pamphlets on the streets, against movements which they believe subversive of their citizenship. Certain Negroes were arrested for picketing a movie theater in which "The Birth of a Nation" was displayed. Their conduct was perfectly orderly; they merely protested to the public against the untruth and racial bigotry of that film. They were arrested. The only law that could be used against them was a city ordinance forbidding the distribution of literature that is likely to litter the streets. Judge Talley held that the ordinance was never meant to apply to anything other than commercial and business advertising matter, and in his decision he took the occasion to assert and define the right of individuals to protest against a movement which in their judgment might encourage discrimination against certain classes of citizens because of race, color, or religious belief.

ARCHBISHOP HAYES has issued a long statement condemning birth control which quite misses the point at issue in New York City. That point is that his secretary, whom he has since promoted to higher office, had such improper control over the New York City administration that he obtained a force of police, directed to report to him, which he used to break up a meeting on "Birth Control—Is It Moral?" before anything had been said! In justification the hierarchy argues that possibly something might have been said which might conceivably have roused morbid interest in certain individuals. To this highly contingent evil they opposed the certain evil of a peculiarly obnoxious interference with free speech and public discussion. The result ought to make an impression on even the

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most loyal churchman. The Archbishop has furnished the birth control movement with advertising worth thousands of dollars. He has given all anti-clericals definite and specific evidence of clerical interference in government and hostility to the fundamental American right of free speech which will be used in those anti-Catholic campaigns which *The Nation* has deplored. And in the end he has had to do what he ought to have done in the beginning—stated publicly whatever arguments were at his command to refute the arguments of his opponents who believe that birth control is both sound morality and good social practice.

MONSIGNOR DINEEN, secretary to Archbishop Hayes, has stated that he saw four children—"growing children" in fact—at the birth control meeting. This sight, he said, was the thing that "particularly aroused" him and that in itself provided a reason for police interference. But the infants in question, it turned out, were bob-haired, short-skirted Barnard seniors—and the Monsignor's fears, though perhaps natural, were wholly groundless. For certainly, in spite of the deceptions wrought by modern abbreviations of dress and hair, the good father could bend brows of disapproval on no more wise and sophisticated section of society. College seniors—well, the world knows all about them and they know all about the world. They may cut off the dignified knob of hair that used to protrude from beneath the rear of a rakish mortarboard; youth may claim them from the knee down; but surely wisdom dominates them from the neck up. For precocity and sophistication they are only outdone by the younger generation in that far-flung dominion of New York City known as the Bronx, where on the sidewalk of one of the main streets a baby-carriage was recently to be seen containing a young man some eight months old reading a copy of the *Birth Control Review*. He must have been reading it, for on his face was an expression of alarm and interest not unmixed with relief. But as far as we could see he was not depraved by what he read.

NEW magazines are adventurous enterprises in these parlous times, especially magazines devoted to the interest of labor. The fact that workingmen themselves have felt able to launch a new monthly in the face of unemployment, high prices, and the open-shop drive, shows a hardihood and a determination that gives us faith in the venture itself. The *Labor Age*, whose first issue appeared in New York in November, is a direct descendent of the *Socialist Review*, but it has been taken over by a board largely composed of union representatives and has the backing of important labor organizations. We wish it all success; there is no activity labor can undertake more important than the establishment of a well-informed press. It can still learn lessons of form and content from its less class-conscious contemporaries, and it could go to no better source than the *Survey*, which has widened its appeal and its consequent usefulness by issuing a handsome monthly graphic edition. The first number was remarkably effective. The use of pictures to portray social types and social situations has seldom been better done.

IT may be that romance is dead, but it makes a lively corpse. Out in Arizona, where guns grow long and deadly, a bandit recently held up a mail clerk and, though sorely tempted, refused to use his pistol because he had principles against shooting any unarmed man whatever. "I never do it," said he, emphatically. Yet he had in the chamber of his pistol two wooden-nosed cartridges intended for just such pretty forays as this: they would stop a man but not kill him—put him down but not out. When the word of the capture and arrest of this smokeless bandit came to his wife, waiting, no doubt, in some pretty cottage with a candle burning tenderly in the windows through all midnights, she "expressed surprise." "I will arrange my plans to be near him, wherever that may be." Thus once more we see that human nature is everywhere the same: in literature it often resembles life; and in life it has an incorrigible instinct for plagiarizing from literature.

ONCE more *The Nation* has trusted too much in the daily press. A dispatch printed in the New York *Herald* for November 2 announced a decision of the Nobel Prize Committee to the effect that the prize would not go to Anatole France because of his "communist leanings." We believed the *Herald* and, believing it, protested against the narrow-mindedness of academies from Homer's day to ours. But the *Herald* was wrong; the prize was in due time awarded to Anatole France. We congratulate the Nobel Prize Committee even more than M. France, to whom added honors can mean little.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION takes great pleasure in announcing its annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1921 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, November 25, and not later than Saturday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."
2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.
3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will under any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.
4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.
5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.
6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 8, 1922.
7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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Why Labor Unions?

NOT long ago a reader of *The Nation* tore out of his copy a page advertisement containing reference to financial control by "The Wall Street Banking Group." Underneath the advertisement was the union label of the Allied Printing Trades. Our friend, underscoring "Wall Street" and the label, inquired: "Honest to God, which is worse?" We presume that his question refers to the whole subject of the alleged tyranny of unions over the business world, rather than to the particular relations of *The Nation* with the typographical unions. Nevertheless, in passing, we may record our appreciation of the courtesy and efficiency of those who week by week print this magazine. The Nation Press, Inc., is cooperatively owned and controlled by its workers, and they preserve the highest standards of service.

Labor unions are human. The querulous question so often heard over polite tea tables, "What *do* these workers want?" is easily answered. They want, ladies and gentlemen, precisely what the rest of you want. You do not desire for yourselves primarily a mechanical efficiency in production but life more abundant. The industrial worker wants precisely the same thing, and his standards of what constitutes an abundant life are as various as the standards of his critics. Why should it be thought natural, if not admirable, for a broker to work as few hours as possible and play as many, but wicked for a bricklayer to want to emulate him?

Our own view of the labor unionists, let us confess, is often, consciously or unconsciously, distorted by a class interest. The cheaper we can get others to work for us the better off we are. Of course the worker's interest is different, and in asserting it in conjunction with his fellows he often presents a hostile front to us, or, shall we say, to "the public." "What," he asks, "has the public ever done for me that I shall be tender of its needs?" To his own comrades he is capable of a generosity seldom to be found among those of us who are pressed to the limit to maintain by our own efforts our footing in the comfortable middle-class world. Unions tax themselves as a matter of course to aid their comrades in a strike. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers contributed $100,000 to the striking steel workers and more recently they have given $150,000 to starving Russia. The ordinary record of labor union gifts to one cause or another is amazing in its generosity. Long before Mr. Hoover's conference suggested the division of jobs to meet the unemployment emergency, labor unions in various trades had put that plan in practice as far as employers would permit. When has like comradeship been shown by business men in division of their orders in order to help their fellows? The reason for the greater generosity of the workers lies not in any intrinsic superiority in character but rather in the fine capacity for cooperation called out by organization to meet common needs. It is this instinct for comradeship which lies behind the union demand for uniform wage scales which is so often criticized as a protection for the inefficient. A man good enough, the union argues, to work at all, is good enough to earn a fixed minimum wage. And the more efficient man does an unbrotherly thing if he allows his own skill to be used to the hurt of his fellows.

But when all this has been said it remains true that union tactics and philosophy are often crude and stupid, and sometimes anti-social. The average householder has the poorest impression of the standards of craftsmanship in the building trades, and the general suspicion of plumbers and painters and their ilk was in part borne out by the revelations of the tactics of "Czar" Brindell as head of the New York Building Trades. Yet Mr. Untermyer, counsel for the Lockwood Committee, before whom the evil tactics of Brindell were exposed, has said plainly that he regarded certain of the employers' associations as even more blameworthy than the workers. The report of the Hoover Committee on Waste, composed of skilled engineers, assesses a responsibility of 65 per cent against management and only 21 per cent against labor in the building industry. Its average in the six fundamental industries investigated showed that "over 50 per cent of the responsibility for these wastes can be placed at the door of management and less than 25 per cent at the door of labor."

A worse evil than waste is the unscrupulous rivalry between different labor organizations and the feeble vision that confines labor solidarity within the narrow compass of craft unions which are often in conflict with one another. But after the sins of unions have all been catalogued, it will be difficult for the fair-minded critic to deny that they are essentially sins common to our whole social organization rather than peculiar to labor. We have an acquisitive society wherein men strive to get as much as they can as easily as they can. Labor organizations reflect that spirit, and in the strife often show little enough of wisdom or capacity for that reorganization of economic life which rests upon the cooperation of free men rather than upon

> The good old rule, the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

But the fundamental justification of the labor union lies not in the refutation of specific criticisms but in the positive and indisputable fact that the existence of labor unions is the one effective guaranty against peonage. We do not deny credit to individual employers and disinterested citizens for various attempts at social amelioration when we call attention to the historic fact that such progress as has been made since the horrible days when six-year-old children worked all day in textile mills and women dragged cars in the mine pits has been due to labor's own struggle. What happens today when organization is thoroughly stamped out is to be seen in the steel industry where the trust answered the cry for help in the fight against unemployment by reducing wages and lengthening hours. Better the least satisfactory unionism than the conditions that prevail today in the despotic kingdoms of the steel barons.

And unionism is more than a defense against peonage. Scores of enlightened employers will support the great English manufacturer, Mr. Rowntree, in his emphatic testimony as to the value of the union in making for efficiency and harmony. Still more essential is the service that only labor organization can render in the future. Any scheme of constructive reorganization depends upon the organization and the education of the workers. Merely to denounce the unions is to despair of social progress. The cure for irresponsible unionism is to give it responsibility, for ignorant unionism to aid it in its efforts for education. It is because labor unions do not have any constructive control over vital economic processes that their efforts at self protection sometimes seem a hurtful interference in the conduct of business.

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National Interests *vs.* Peace

PROMISING as has been the beginning of the Conference on Armaments, the sad fact remains that throughout the proceedings and the press discussions the note of narrow nationalism has been menacingly strong. Despite the world's crucifixion since 1914, the power of the old diplomatic phrases is still great. Delegates and foreign journalists arrived in Washington not to talk disarmament on its merits but prepared for an old-fashioned give-and-take, with more concern for trade routes, spheres of influence, and British "rights" in Hongkong than for reduction of the world's armament bill. It was because of this atmosphere that Mr. Hughes's concrete proposals came with such tremendous effect; delegates and journalists alike had wholly to recast their mental attitudes. The bewilderment of the correspondents was at once reflected in their dispatches. They complained of the provinciality of the Americans, who simply would not see that any serious naval disarmament would give the Japanese navy entire control of the eastern seas, menace India, and threaten French control of Indo-China. Sometimes it is worth while to be provincial!

The Allies, of course, approached this Conference, notably in regard to Far Eastern questions, with jealousy and suspicion and eager determination to get out of it as much as possible. And these very men, still talking about national honor and the right of national protection upon the high seas, are disregarding the national rights of China and instigating a propaganda for international control of that country because it has defaulted on some of its bonds. The loss of bond interest is, of course, one of the greatest stimulants to internationalism in our topsy-turvy imperialistic world. International action is just the thing when one's pocketbook is threatened, but as to approaching the problems on the Conference's agenda with the welfare of the world solely at heart, why that is a different matter.

The Chinese proposals similarly cleared the atmosphere because they laid down fundamental principles. The delegation might have come forward with requests for the cancelation of this concession, the return of that railroad, the release of that province. Instead it laid down a program which, if it is adopted, means wiping out a century of wrongdoing by the predatory Christian Powers and by Japan, and restoration of China as a respected entity with its breached nationality restored. The reaction to this program of the Powers who will sit in judgment upon China's fate in Washington will be the clearest possible test of the political and international morality of the judges.

When one reads M. Briand's insistence upon superior consideration for France and his assertion that her navy is too small and her army barely large enough, it is plain that the fundamental lessons of the struggle which so nearly ended in her defeat have not been learned by France. Yet the Conference itself is proof that we are moving in the right direction, even though Russians and Germans are absent. Already Mr. Hughes has suggested another naval conference and the Chinese have stipulated that there shall be "provision for future conferences to be held from time to time" to discuss Far Eastern questions. That points toward international government of the right kind—international consultation at regular intervals more or less in the open, at worst a great advance over the business of settling Far Eastern questions by secret *pourparlers* and such exchanges of notes as brought about the Lansing-Ishii agreement which we were long not even permitted to read.

Advocates of the League of Nations were certain that the meeting at Washington would compel us to join by sheer force of logic. But the first two weeks have passed with scarcely a reference to that feeble institution, and when one considers how this misbegotten child of Versailles has failed to take the lead toward disarming the world, but instead by its Vilna and its Silesian decisions has made rather for war than for peace, its condescending approval of Mr. Hughes's concrete plan is merely ludicrous. So far from helping the League, Mr. Hughes seems bent on demonstrating that another association of nations is possible. Throughout the treaty fight Mr. Wilson declared that there was no alternative between joining the League and having the greatest navy on earth and a nation in arms as well. Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes have neatly punctured that folly. Just how much disarmament the controlling political and business forces behind the scenes at Washington will let us have is naturally not yet clear. Mr. Hughes's sweeping proposals may be blurred in a cloud of expert amendments, whittling the spirit out of his stand and leaving the deadly menaces of poison gas and submarines and the still more deadly menaces of economic and military rivalry untouched. The fact remains that through disarmament lies the path to that true cooperation of humanity whose final coming is as certain as that the world revolves. The oftener the nations meet in council the quicker will the pettiness of their narrow nationalism betray itself and fade away.

Salvage

A LITERARY period is rarely as rich as it seems to its younger and more buoyant participants, rarely as poor as it seems either to its praisers of the past or to the men of the immediately succeeding years. It is a commonplace that the perspective of time brings out new values in the perished scene, but it is a commonplace of which critics and literary historians are often not quite vividly aware. Yet those new values created or, at least, re-created by a given generation within the works and ways of its predecessors are often a most precious part of a nation's cultural possessions. We, who are none too rich, should sedulously glean those long-reaped fields.

Of the barren, smug, and noisy eighteen-hundred-and-nineties little or nothing seems to remain. Yet even then, long before our present Agamemnons, brave young men set out to battle with the Philistines. Only, the Philistines were so strong and their ranks were so unbroken that the young men were forced into a betrayal of themselves or else died—it is literally true of at least one of them—of sheer bitterness and disappointment. There was Stephen Crane. As early as 1895 he published "The Black Riders," verse as unrhythmed and, in intention, as impressionistic and sharp and laconic as any that has followed. He knew the naturalistic strain in modern fiction. But the wave of exotic and costume romance, the pseudo-Dumas terror, engulfed him and in 1900 he died. There was Henry Harland, who began by writing sensational novels under a pseudonym and ended with perfumed romances that made him rich and briefly famous. But between those two periods he had been in France and had discovered Maupassant and the doctrine of the inevitable word and had written, during the middle

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nineties, two volumes of short stories, "Grey Roses" and "Comedies and Errors," that dwell in one's memory as almost the earliest American examples of conscious modern art of a very exquisite kind.

There was, above all, Harris Merton Lyon, who died but never compromised. He had, like so many of his successors, come from the Middle West. He had studied at the University of Missouri. He had read Maupassant and found nearly all his subjects in New York City, which he knew as well but far more objectively than O. Henry. But he did not imitate Maupassant. The affinity was deeper. He brought to his vision of life the same coldly penetrating glance, the same unerring sense for the grotesque weaknesses of men, the same withdrawn and haughty attitude of mind. The editors would, of course, have none of him. Two of his stories, both with an unaccustomed streak of sentiment, found their way into *McClure's Magazine*. The rest went begging: Out of Work, The Girl Who Wouldn't Marry, Will's Wife, The Right Man, For the Good of the Neighborhood, strong, perfectly wrought little masterpieces, as sound to the core, as undeviatingly veracious, as memorable for their characters as anything in the whole realm of the short story. No one has ever known Jimmy MacAllister, for instance, or Little Old Bacon, or Hiram Buddy without annexing them permanently as types, symbols, legends wherewith to understand life. But these stories availed Lyon nothing.

One man of letters sturdily befriended him. That was Theodore Dreiser, who has commemorated his life and fate in the sketch Maupassant, Jr., in "Twelve Men." Dreiser also did all in his power to save the stories. The Stuyvesant Press, an unhappy offshoot of a small publishing venture in which Dreiser was then interested, brought out "Sardonics" in 1909. But that publishing venture, which several other contemporaries will recall as part of the glow and disappointment of youth, was quite on its last legs. We doubt whether any notice of the publication of "Sardonics" ever appeared anywhere. The Stuyvesant Press had died before the date of publication. The volume is, of course, obscure and rare. Four years later William Marion Reedy, another of Lyon's very few friends, brought out in St. Louis a second volume called "Graphics." The stories were, upon the whole, less firm and penetrating and concrete than those in the earlier volume. The book, at all events, did not stir a ripple and one of the half dozen American masters of the short story died practically without publication, acknowledgment, or reward.

We never met Lyon personally. But perhaps the bitterest part of his fate seems to us to lie in the testimony of his friends to the effect that he might have done better in a public and worldly way had he been less morose, less inaccessible, aloof, and proud. In other words, had he been cheerful and a good "mixer" crumbs from the editorial tables might have fallen where he stood. A terrible commentary upon a certain American attitude to genius. For a gleam of genius Lyon undoubtedly possessed.

The republication of his best stories with an adequate biographical sketch was planned some years ago. There was also to be a critical overhauling of unpublished manuscripts in Dreiser's possession. The failing health of William Marion Reedy frustrated the scheme. It is high time that it be revived and a service performed which though it can no longer, alas, help Lyon, can save for our literature a small but extraordinarily important body of creative work.

The Snow Men

TO read the accounts, particularly in the British press, of the Mount Everest expedition is to indulge in a vicarious adventure of stirring dimensions. It lifts one to a height from which small escarpments like our own Rockies appear as mere contour lines on a map, and one's personal exploits on native peaks seem as adventurous as skipping rope. You climb over frozen passes 23,000 feet above the sea, and camp in a storm of fine snow and a northwest gale 500 feet lower, where, after a night of zero temperature, you welcome a few rays of sunshine, melt your sardines, eat them, and make ready to climb again. After a few days of this, in the words of one of the members of the expedition, you are "not sorry to return to the 20,000-foot camp," which seems quite "homelike."

But perhaps you are one of those to whom heights in feet are as dim as cube roots and other unhappy childhood memories. Even then it is possible to feel the terror and the thrill of those bleak slopes. Our own little Pike's Peak, less than half the height of Everest, rises perhaps 5,000 feet from its base. But on the sides of Everest the explorer comes upon sheer cliffs dropping straight away for more than twice that distance into measureless ravines, cliffs towering higher than Mount Hood towers above the sea. Perhaps, after all, those heights and depths can only be half imagined, half believed in.

There are other aspects of the trip no less alluring. Leaving the 20,000-foot camp on the slope of Everest on September 23 a part of the expedition climbed a pass 2,500 feet above them, their way leading over ice-falls and treacherous stretches of soft snow. And at this altitude in a ragged desolation of snow and ice and rock were found signs of life. Says the writer whom we quoted above: "There were curious tracks in the snow. We distinguished hare and fox tracks, but one mark, like that of a human foot, was most puzzling. The coolies assured us that it was the track of a wild hairy man, and that these men were occasionally to be found in the wildest and most inaccessible mountains." And then the writer goes on stubbornly uphill, remarking on the view and leaving his readers intrigued and unsatisfied. What about these hairy men, anyway? Are they our evolutionary ancestors wandering on those biting, fireless heights? Or are they some sort of large, snow-going monkey, tracking barefoot over the peaks? Or are scientists prone like the rest of us to mistake cattle for moose and Himalayan bears, perhaps, for wild men? At any rate they should not leave us at a loose end. We want to know more about those hardy brethren of ours living so serenely above the petty wars and conferences and business depressions that haunt the rest of us. When the winter blizzards have passed, and the brilliant flowers bloom again in little meadows on the lower slopes, and the Everest explorers load their coolies and make a fresh start up over the icy ways that they have found, let them turn aside for a while from the dazzling point that beckons to them and evades them. We are inspired by the effort to conquer those disdainful heights, but deep in our hearts we are far more thrilled by the casual human touch in the story. Let them turn aside and follow after those wild hairy men and interview them on the ways of life in the thin air and the cool breezes and the million-year snows that cover the jagged peak of the world reaching five miles toward the sun.

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The Diary of Sir Roger Casement[1]

With this issue The Nation *begins publication of part of the diary of Sir Roger Casement, laying bare the soul of a man who, having done much to win for the peoples of the rubber-growing regions of the Belgian Congo and the Putumayo district of Peru whatever freedom from slavery they now enjoy, renounced all his British honors and, for the sake of Ireland, embarked upon the course which led to his execution. The manuscript was edited, and the preface written, by Charles E. Curry of Boston, to whom Sir Roger intrusted "all he possessed, both personal effects and writing."*

Preface

ON August 3, 1916, I unveiled a memorial slab to Sir Roger Casement, in the little hotel he frequented, at Riederan by the Ammer See, in the presence of several hundred mourning villagers, to whom Sir Roger had become a familiar figure during his holiday walks among their hills. It was not necessary to know him much to love him much. These simple peasants, in sums ranging from a few pfennigs to an occasional mark, had raised the price of the slab among them in little more than a week. The postman of a village five miles away had walked over the hills to bring his fifty pfennigs "for the Irishman whom the children loved."

When Sir Roger Casement was a public servant in matters where English interests derived that moral profit so eagerly demanded by the British temperament he was lauded as "one of the noblest figures in our imperial history." His services in the exposure of the Belgian cruelties on the Congo and of the barbarities in the Putumayo, as the London *Daily News* recently stated, stand "among the most unselfish acts" of a career that has been largely devoted to the welfare of the weak and the oppressed. The London *Times*, in one of its editorials in 1911, said of his fearless action in the Putumayo, in destroying a band of pirates controlled by a London company, that "he had deserved the thanks of the nation." Lord Fitzmaurice used almost identical words in the House of Lords on an earlier occasion (1906) when eulogizing the service Sir Roger Casement had rendered to the cause of humanity by his exposure of the Belgian atrocities on the Congo.

In transmitting to the Powers signatory to the Berlin Act (1884) Sir Roger Casement's indictment of the infamous system created by King Leopold II and carried out by Belgian officials on the Congo, Lord Lansdowne, then the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, claimed the earnest consideration of the governments addressed for this document, on the ground that it was the production of an official of "wide African experience." In spite of the sustained attacks made upon Sir Roger Casement's report against the Congo administration, the truth of his charges was amply demonstrated by the findings of the Special Commission of Inquiry sent out to the Congo in 1904 by the late King Leopold. That commission of three carefully selected officers, dispatched by the Congo sovereign in the firm hope that they would curse the man who had exposed the infamies of Belgian administration, returned to bless the accuser. The report was so damaging to the Belgian Congo administration that despite their pledge to publish it, given before the dispatch of the commission, it was withheld for many months from the public, and was only finally issued (but with the *evidence* on which it rested carefully withheld) when to keep it back became more dangerous than to issue it.

Perhaps the best testimony to the careful mind that had directed Sir Roger's impeachment of Congo misgovernment is to be found in a dispatch from Sir Edward Grey himself. Writing to the British Minister at Brussels on January 9, 1906,[2] Sir E. Grey pointed out:

> The Commission of the Inquiry has confirmed the statements made in Consul Casement's Report[3] on the condition of the natives in the Congo. His Majesty's Government consider it unnecessary, therefore, to insist further on the existence of abuses which call for administrative reform.

When the war broke out Sir Roger Casement was in the United States. He had gone there openly to enlist the sympathies of Irishmen in America with the Irish Volunteer movement, in which he had taken so active a part. He could have returned to Great Britain. His name as a wholly disinterested man, his reputation as a fearless public servant were assets to the cause of "public morality," which Great Britain avowedly sustained when she took up arms in defense of Belgian neutrality. Sir Roger had only to call at the British Embassy in Washington, to step on board the first Cunarder bound for Liverpool, and he would have been hailed on landing as one of the "brightest figures in our imperial history" and offered some post of distinction in the public service—perhaps to arraign Germany, in turn, for "atrocities in Belgium"! Letters to this effect had reached him from more than one quarter. The Patriotic League of Britons Overseas, in the person of Lord Aldenham, wrote in October, 1914, on behalf of this movement to invite him to join the Central Committee in London, then in process of formation, to which the following had already notified their adhesion: the Right Honorable Earl Selborne, K. G.; Lord Aldenham; Sir R. Balfour, M. P.; Admiral the Honorable Sir E. Freemantle, G. C. B.; Sir Charles Addis.

But ere this John Redmond had issued his appeal to Irishmen "to flock to the colors," and Sir Roger had replied to it in the following open letter to the Irish press:

New York, 17 September, 1914

As an Irishman and one who has been identified with the Irish Volunteer movement since it began, I feel it my duty to protest against the claim now put forward by the British Government that, because that Government has agreed with its political opponents to "place the Home Rule Bill on the Statute Book," and to defer its operation until after the war and until an "Amending Bill" to profoundly modify its provisions has been introduced and passed, Irishmen in return should enlist in the British Army and aid the allied Asiatic and European Powers in a war against a people who have never wronged Ireland. The British Liberal Party has been publicly pledged for twenty-eight years to give self-government to Ireland. It has not yet fulfilled that pledge. Instead it now offers to sell, at a very high price, a wholly hypothetical and indefinite form of partial internal control of certain specified Irish services if, in return for this promissory note (payable after death), the Irish people will contribute their blood, their honor, and their manhood in a war that in no wise concerns them. Ireland has no quarrel with the German people or just cause of offense against them.

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[2] Foreign Office White Paper: Africa No. 1, 1906.

[3] See Africa No. 1, 1904.

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I will not pronounce an opinion upon the British standpoint in this war, beyond saying that the public profession under which it was begun, namely, to defend the violated neutrality of Belgium, is being daily controverted by the official spokesmen of Great Britain. The London *Times*, in its issue of the 14th instant, declared that Great Britain would not consent to peace on any terms that did not involve the "dismantling of the German Navy" and the permanent impairment of Germany's place in the world as a great seafaring nation. That may or may not be a worthy end for British statesmanship to set before it and a warrant for the use of British arms against Germany, but it is no warrant for Irish honor or common sense to be involved in this conflict. There is no gain, moral or material, Irishmen can draw from assailing Germany. The destruction of the German navy or the sweeping of German commerce from the seas will bring no profit to a people whose own commerce was long since swept from land and sea.

Ireland has no blood to give to any land, to any cause but that of Ireland. Our duty as a Christian people is to abstain from bloodshed; and our duty as Irishmen is to give our lives for Ireland. Ireland needs all her sons. In the space of sixty-eight years her population has fallen by far over 4,000,000 souls, and in every particular of national life she shows a steady decline of vitality. Were the Home Rule Bill all that is claimed for it, and were it freely given today to come into operation tomorrow, instead of being offered for sale on terms of exchange that only a fool would accept, it would be the duty of Irishmen to save their strength and manhood for the trying tasks before them, to build up from a depleted population the fabric of a ruined national life.

Ireland has suffered at the hands of British administrators a more prolonged series of evils, deliberately inflicted, than any other community of civilized men. Today, when no margin of vital strength remains for vital tasks at home, when its fertile fields are reduced by set design to producing animals and not men, the remnant of our people are being urged to lay down their lives on foreign fields, in order that great and inordinately wealthy communities may grow greater and richer by the destruction of a rival's trade and industry. Had this war the highest moral aim in view, as its originators claim for it, it would still be the duty of Irishmen to keep out of it.

If Irish blood is to be "the seal that will bring all Ireland together in one nation and in liberties equal and common to all," then let that blood be shed in Ireland where alone it can be righteously shed to secure those liberties. It was not Germany destroyed the national liberties of the Irish people, and we cannot recover the national life struck down in our own land by carrying fire and sword into another land. . . .

Speaking as one of those who helped to found the Irish Volunteers, I say, in their name, that no Irishman fit to bear arms in the cause of his country's freedom can join the Allied millions now attacking Germany in a war that, at the best, concerns Ireland not at all and that can only add fresh burdens and establish a new drain, in the interest of another community, upon a people that has already been bled to the verge of death.

ROGER CASEMENT

This appeal to Irish patriotism brought from Sir Edward Grey the following official demand:

Foreign Office, October 26, 1914

SIR: The attention of the Secretary of State has been called to a letter dated New York, September 16th, which appeared in the *Irish Independent* of October 5th over your signature. The letter urges that Irish sympathies should be with Germany rather than with Great Britain and that Irishmen should not join the British army. As you are still liable, in certain circumstances, to be called upon to serve under the Crown, I am to request you to state whether you are the author of the letter in question. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) A. NICOLSON

SIR ROGER CASEMENT, C. M. G.

Having written his public appeal to Irishmen to remain neutral, events led Sir Roger to set out for Berlin to secure convincing proof that Ireland need not fear a German invasion and that, when Irishmen were told by British Ministers that it was to their interest to join in assailing Germany, they were being misled. This diary tells of these events and the history of his mission to Germany.

CHAPTER I

Berlin, 7 November, 1914

Now that I am safely in Berlin, having arrived here on Saturday evening, 31 October, 1914, from Christiania via Traelleborg and Ruegen—Stralsund route—I shall put on record facts connected with my journey and its objects that may be of use hereafter. For it is not every day that even an Irishman commits High Treason—especially one who has been in the service of the Sovereign he discards and who was not without honor and some fame in that service. . . . Mine is the premeditated, clearly thought out treason not of an individual but of a representative of a still remembering people.

When I left Ireland on 2 July last and Glasgow in the Cassandra (name of ill omen!) on the 4th as a second-class "emigrant" to Montreal, how little did I think of what was before me! I chose that route in order to avoid publicity and possible interviews at New York and the quite probable attentions of the British spy bureau, whose agents in Ireland had been so maladroitly pursuing me since the beginning of the year.

I embarked on the Cassandra on 4 July in the Clyde as "Mr. R. D. Casement"—my right name and initials but without the prefix my knighthood conferred. No one suspected I was Sir Roger Casement, and one passenger once asked me if I was any relative to that "well-known Irish baronet"! I laughed and said I believed I was a near relation and that I knew him well. . . .

So far as I can now recall we were twelve days on the voyage to Montreal, although it may have been only 10-11. . . . Newfoundland's coast line grew clear on our right—a pleasant coast in a fine, transparent air. I forget the towns we passed or dimly sighted, rather fishing settlements than towns, but I remember St. Pierre (and Miquelon), for there we saw the town well enough where, in 1905, it had been suggested by some friend of Lord MacDonnell's I met at Mrs. Green's[4] one night at dinner that I should go as consul. The post, I think he said, was then vacant and I was purposely idle at the time, having practically retired from the service over the Congo controversy. I had been so anxious to support Morel in his Congo fight—more *with* the Foreign Office almost than against Leopold—that I had asked to be seconded (without any pay) from Lisbon, whither the Foreign Office had sent me after the publication of my Congo report in the beginning of 1904.

Lisbon had not agreed with me—still less the Foreign Office method of conducting the controversy with Leopold, which consisted largely in running away from their own charges and offering apologies for my report. So in December, 1904, I seconded myself and so remained a free lance, devoting myself to Irish affairs, until in August, 1906, Sir E. Grey wrote to suggest my return to the Consular Service, when I went out first to Santos, then to Para, and finally to Rio de Janeiro, *en route* to Putumayo.

[4] Irish historian, widow of John Richard Green, and intimate friend of Sir Roger; she took the place of mother and adviser to him.

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I thought of these things as I looked at the little town of St. Pierre, and wondered, as we steamed past it, what might have been the difference had I accepted the advice that night at Mrs. Green's and "applied" for St. Pierre. Happily I was then so well occupied in Ireland, trying to keep Irishmen out of the British Army and dreaming of an Ireland that might yet be free, that I gave no second thought to that after-dinner suggestion any more than to a later one of Sir Eric Barrington that "Stockholm was vacant and might be offered me." I was immersed in Irish affairs all through 1905 and right up to the very day of my departure for Santos in August (or was it early in September?), 1906.

It was those nineteen months in Ireland when "seconded" from the Consular Service that molded all my subsequent actions and carried me so far on the road to Mitchel's aspirations that everything I have since done seems but the natural upgrowth from the seed then sown. . . .

But I am anticipating—and must return to the Newfoundland shores and the bay of Anticosti and the Great Gulf of St. Lawrence. . . .

[Sir Roger then tells of his arrival in Montreal and his subsequent departure for New York.]

The journey was long and hot and quite stifling. . . . Lake Champlain we skirted for over 100 miles, I was told, often running along the edge of cliffs and precipices above its pellucid, aquamarine waters. I thought of the days when Mohicans and the Six Nations had here a hunters' paradise.

Poor Indians! You had *life*—your white destroyers only possess *things*. That is the vital distinction I take it between the "savage" and the civilized man. The savage *is*—the white man *has*. The one lives and moves to *be;* the other toils and dies to *have*. From the purely human point of view the savage has the happier and purer life—doubtless the civilized toiler makes the greater world. It is "Civilization" versus the personal joy of life. . . .

I went to the Belmont Hotel at New York, as it lay just opposite the station, and from the first moment found Irish faces and Irish voices round me; the lift boys, the outdoor porters, and the waiters in the bar and at cash counters were mostly either Irish born or Irish descended, I thought. Some had even the brogue still lingering round the shores of that broad estuary of smiles that takes the place of a mouth in the true Milesian face.

Strolling down Broadway in the thought of perhaps locating old points of view, like Pond's and the hotel he lived in in 1890, a young Norwegian sailor spoke to me—and him I befriended and told him to see me next morning. I mention him and this chance meeting because he is destined to figure largely in the end of this story. His name was Eivind Adler Christensen, twenty-four years old, of Moss,[5] Norway. He had run away from his father's house after getting a severe beating for playing truant at school, and had stowed away on an English collier. This when he was twelve years old. He was landed at Glasgow and left there, and some Norwegian sailors took him, and so he became a fireman on a succession of Norwegian steamers. When he met me he was out of work, starving almost, and homeless. He was grateful for my help, and I saw him once or twice in New York, where with the help I gave him he got work.

It would take too long to record my early days in New York and at Philadelphia. . . . At Philadelphia I stayed with McGarrity. With him some days were spent awaiting news of my prearranged *coup* for landing the guns at Howth.[6] During the period of waiting for Sunday 26 July (the day I had arranged with —— and —— that the two yachts should arrive at Howth and the Dublin Volunteers should march out to meet them and get the rifles) I got a letter from —— telling me all was well and that "our friends were on the sea."

The threatening situation in Europe, following the cowardly murder of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his Consort, and the ultimatum to Servia, gave me cause for some anxiety. At other times I should have been even more anxious—but the fears for the landing of the guns at Howth swallowed up all other fears for the time. (I had told only John Devoy and Joe McGarrity of the scheme planned before I left Ireland.) It was timed for the forenoon of Sunday 26 July. That Sunday I spent at McGarrity's in great anxiety and on tenterhooks. It was a very hot day. At 7 p. m. Joe and I walked down the fields in front of his house until full twilight fell and darkness came. We lay on the grass and talked of Ireland—and often, watch in hand, said, "Now it is midnight in Dublin—now 1 a. m.—soon something must come over the cables." About 9 p. m. one of the subeditors of a Philadelphia paper I need not name rang up Joe over the 'phone and told him a news message had just come in that instant saying that a landing of rifles for the Irish Volunteers had been effected near Dublin that day and that the British troops had been called out to disarm the Volunteers and had fired on them killing several persons and securing the rifles. Joe flew down to the Hibernia Club. Later on a message came from him to his wife to tell me that the guns had *not* been captured by the troops but retained by the Volunteers.

We hardly slept that night. Joe returned about 2 a. m. (on the Monday morning) and told me he had *already* taken the steps necessary to have a great protest meeting for the following Sunday, 2 August, in one of the big theaters of the city and had announced me as the chief speaker!

So, whether I liked it or not, I was now in for it up to my neck. I would have wished to keep quiet, but from every national point of view it was necessary this meeting should be held, and if held it should lack no support I could give it. So I reluctantly agreed to a step *already* taken in my name.

The next day, Monday, 27 July, I was interviewed by some of the Philadelphia papers—and photographed—and the interview appeared in full in the evening papers, particularly the *Bulletin.* In this conversation I spoke *very* strongly of the lawless action of the British authorities in Ireland, culminating in the murder of women and children in the streets of Dublin, and I put the blame fair and square on the shoulders of Mr. Asquith. The interview gave general satisfaction to the Irish in the city, while I learned it had greatly incensed the loyalists, some of whom wrote stupidly irate letters to my host.

From this on to Sunday, 2 August, McGarrity was busy, and more than busy, in the arrangements for the Sunday meeting. I was a passive agent in his strong hands. He did everything.

The Sunday came and with it a great deal of trepidation on my part.

[*To be continued.*]

[5] Moss lies on the west coast about 50 miles south of Christiania; it is a railroad station of the line Christiania-Fredrikshald.

[6] A town about nine miles from Dublin on the promontory that lies on the northeast entrance to Dublin Bay.

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The Conference—The Second Phase

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, November 21

THE Conference on the Limitation of Armaments entered upon its second phase with its second session on November 15. It was, I suppose, too much to expect that it should remain at that pitch of exaltation to which Mr. Hughes's proposal raised it. Yet there were great possibilities of other dramatic moments. By a hearty and unqualified acceptance of the Hughes program Mr. Balfour could have disputed the American leadership. Had Admiral Kato simply pronounced two sentences: "We approve Mr. Hughes's plan in principle. We accept it in its every detail," the audience would have gone wild with enthusiasm, Japanese stock would have been quoted at par, and England would have been relegated to third place. Those two sentences would have been conspicuous in every newspaper on earth. But diplomats are as dull and as lacking in ability to seize upon the dramatic side of a situation as they are timid. Mr. Kato's weasel words, like those of Mr. Balfour, spoiled the effectiveness of the acceptance in principle, and with the reference of both the great issues to committees the second and more secret phase of the Conference began.

But just how secret that is going to be remains to be seen. This is still a conference of surprises, and surprises so great that the most experienced press observers are admittedly well over their depth. The Chinese promptly astounded English and Japanese alike by laying down the exact program they desired, all the more astonishing because their delegation has been anything but united as to what was the proper course to take. So sweeping a position, based upon principle and carefully avoiding all detail, has again worried the Conference, and the uneasiness of the delegates is all the greater because it is universally taken for granted that it was the voice of China but the hand of Hughes. The anxiety of all our visitors as to what that dreadful man is going to do next is quite remarkable. For many of them this has become an uncomfortable guessing match.

Quite as sensational was the hoisting of a red flag of revolt by some of the Japanese correspondents on Thursday. Anyone who knows the Japanese press knows that it is more subservient to its government than that of any other country. Its writers have never approximated the position at home held by French, American, and British journalists in their countries. They have never been granted audiences by their public men, or recognized as being a Fourth Estate. Hence an action which would have been sensational if the work of any other press group, bears the aspect of revolution when taken by the Japanese. Running the risk, some of them at least, of losing their positions, of being accused of betraying their own leaders in the face of the "enemy," of deliberately embarrassing their delegates in the midst of negotiations, these twenty Japanese journalists went on record as opposing their Government and asking that it should recede from its position and accept the Hughes terms without reservations or any such alterations as those of Admiral Kato. What could be more gratifying than that? What more astounding? Glimmering has gone the old idea that Japanese journalists are merely spies and the creatures and tools of their Government; gone is the old idea that you can never find out what a Japanese really thinks. To Admiral Kato it must seem as if the heavens were tumbling. Who ever heard of men paid, not to talk but merely to report, taking a hand in the game as though they had some say in this gathering? Plainly this is the maddest and most unconventional of conferences.

What does so daring an act mean? Why plainly that there is a much more liberal sentiment at home, a much greater desire among the people of Japan for disarmament than had been suspected. I have talked with some of these Japanese newspapermen and find them not at all worried as to what will happen to their shipyards. They are not the least in sympathy with Mr. Balfour in his concern lest the charming art of making useless battleships at $35,000,000 per ship for the enrichment of some great industrialists be lost in the next ten years. They realize that their country has not stood well before the world and they are anxious to change that situation. They are not at all disturbed by the Chinese proposals and see no reason why their country should not go to work with them as a basis to develop a satisfactory settlement of the issues between the two countries. More than that, they are profoundly grateful that our daily press did not attack their country and its delegates severely after Admiral Kato made his blunder—as they call it—and they are still rejoicing that at the opening session there were louder cheers for the Japanese spokesman, Prince Tokugawa, than for Mr. Balfour. The warmth and friendliness of their reception here has had the inevitable result that such treatment produces—they are trying their best to reciprocate. But how Admiral Kato's position must have stung these proud-spirited men to make them call upon him and protest!

All of which is to the good. What if this Conference should really get out of hand? Here are the English demanding a modification of the submarine allowance in favor not of more but fewer ships. Here are the Chinese taking personally such a conciliatory attitude toward their Japanese oppressors as to make it difficult to recall how bitter was their bearing toward one another during the long trying months in Paris. No, the millennium is not at hand, dear reader; we are not even sure that here in Washington we shall get anything very tangible as yet. But it is necessary to record the fact that things are so unconventional and so contrary to what has been considered good form at previous gatherings of this kind as to give rise at least to faint wonderings whether after all some people are not taking seriously President Harding's fervent "It must not be again." It certainly begins to look as if the longer the Conference remains in session the more a radical sentiment might develop right here. Of course the French are yet to be heard from on the land disarmament question; there is a good deal of anxiety as to what Briand will do and say when he gets his chance to deliver the speech which is the main reason for his coming over. The French delegates are not happy here or well pleased with their treatment. Then it is quite possible that in the committees the detailed agreements may undo the fine principles laid down. Naval and military experts are usually the enemies of man-

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kind and they are here today. But there is the Conference itself. It may decide to do some thinking and voting on its own account. It is not yet at all certain that the committee of admirals headed by Roosevelt the Younger will have its way. Indeed, we have yet to see what our own public sentiment will do if our experts insist upon declining the British submarine proposal on the absurd ground that we must have big ocean-going submarines in order that they may reach the Panama Canal safely—this from a Navy Department that was only the other day scored for not having one single ocean-going submarine ready for a long voyage, despite all the millions squandered upon them. The public ought to overwhelm Mr. Hughes with the demand that we lead the way in abolishing the whole sneaking, cowardly submarine fleet. This Conference is rightly the people's. Let them now give orders!

We need down here one great mordant humorist of Mark Twain stature to laugh out of court some of the pretensions now going about. Take the battleship situation. Grateful as we shall be if that folly is stopped for ten years, what earthly reason is there for keeping any battleships whatever? Why, no sound common-sense reason, of course. Take the question of the relation of the battleship to the airplane. Let us assume, if you please, that Sir Percy Scott and the other British and American officers who insist that the day of the battleship is gone forever are premature. Well, everybody admits that the air peril has become so great that new battleships must be built with special armor protection against bombing attack. The sinking of the old German battleship Ostfriesland off the Virginia Capes was accomplished by bombs that did not hit her but exploded in the water near her. But as we are going to scrap the newest and latest-planned ships first of all, we are plainly going to destroy those that are somewhat planned against aerial attack. Ergo, those that we shall keep afloat are the most vulnerable. Then why keep them afloat at all? If bombing machines continue to develop in the next two years as they have in the last two it will be folly to go to war with any battleships at all—perhaps it will even be sending men to sure death to let them go to war. Then why not scrap all the battleships? Because, the all-wise statesmen will tell you, the peoples of the various countries are not ready for anything more; that we must go slowly one step at a time and not get ahead of public opinion; that we must be "practical." So we really need some one to make people laugh at such timidity and cowardice, such inability to get away from preconceptions, conventionalities, and unrealities. We need a Mark Twain to make us, grateful for small favors as we are, ridicule this doing away with some battleships when the airplane and the dirigible and above all poison gas threaten the very existence of humanity.

Yet I for one feel that even if the committees repeat the history of Versailles over again we shall make great spiritual gains from the Conference here. I cannot sympathize with the radicals who scoff at the whole thing. A tremendous public education is going on, a vast public opinion is being created. The real sentiment of the American people is being allowed to make itself felt and to prove what *The Nation* has felt all along that the preparedness campaign was an artificial growth, stimulated by Wall Street money and paid propaganda and boosted by politicians for their own advantage. How the pacifists were denounced for saying that preparedness led to war not peace! Today everybody in Washington outside of army and navy circles takes this view and there are actually navy officers favoring disarmament. In fact one need only go to the Capitol to notice the tremendous effect that this Conference and the ensuing discussions are having on our politicians. They are hearing from the country by every mail, and the demand is not for limitation but for real disarmament. Even the chairmen of the military committees are reported to be much affected. That the army will go down to 100,000 in the next appropriation bill is a foregone conclusion no matter what the Conference does. And there will be a fight to muster out a good part of the navy's personnel as soon as the bill is presented. Again it is fashionable and not treasonable to hold in Washington the historic American view that this country's highest destiny is to be unarmed and unafraid!

China Asks: Do You Mean "Hands Off"?

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

Washington, November 19

IN the challenge to the world constituted by its ten points China has done more than make a dramatic gesture. It has done more than win a diplomatic victory in obtaining the initiative. For the first time in its relations with the outer world it has rebelled against the role of patient in a charity clinic; it has cut clean to the heart of the business that brings the nations to Washington and made clear to them their choice.

Not only the liberal-minded among us say yea to the ten points. Spokesmen of the various delegations, the hardest-headed and most practical of them, vie with one another in public applause. Whether they are applauding the lofty generalities or the price that concrete application of generalities exacts one cannot yet say. There will come the test. It is an enormous price. That we must realize first. I say this not because I do not think it should be paid, but because I do. For only if we know the price now and are prepared to pay it, shall we be in the frame of mind to pay without outcry at its size when the bill is presented.

The ten principles China has laid down mean nothing as such. They are not even new. Most of them have been proclaimed repeatedly even by the Powers, including the worst aggressors. But their application is revolutionary. It means the abdication by the Powers, their voluntary relinquishment of a body of special privilege and vested interest slowly built up for more than half a century, and a complete about-face of their historic policy in China. It means more.

Take the simplest illustration of how concrete application of just one aspect of one principle will work out—namely, tariff autonomy. At present China's tariff is fixed by the Powers. Only by the unanimous consent of all the Powers with which it has treaty relations can China raise its tariff, now at a level of about 7 per cent ad valorem. The most rudimentary justice demands that the right to fix its own tariff, which means to raise the tariff, be restored to China. At present the payment of principal and interest on foreign indebtedness is the compulsory first charge on the tariff revenue and absorbs its greater part. The surplus, some $6,000,000 a year, is turned over to the Chinese Government by the foreign-administered customs service. Assume that

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the tariff is raised, and that two, three, four million be added to the surplus handed over to the Government. To what use will that money be put? To public improvements, reorganization of administration, development of resources? Hardly. It will swell the war chests of military satraps swaggering over the country in pursuance of their private conquests and fatten the graft of the civil parasites who cluster about Peking and the provincial capitals. That is the use made of such revenue as comes to the Government now. It would be the use made of any added revenue. The most ardent pro-Chinese cannot deny this. It is too patent a fact of contemporary Chinese life to need proof.

Take the South Manchuria Railway. Suppose Japan should renounce the Twenty-one Demands and return the railway to China in 1923, as provided in the original agreement with Russia, instead of in 2002, as provided in the Twenty-one Demands. One may protest however bitterly at the discrimination the Japanese administration of the railway now practices to the exclusion of non-Japanese trade in South Manchuria, but one must grant also that the railway is at least efficiently and ably managed. Return the railway to China and what will happen? Chang Tso-lin, the bandit king of South Manchuria, will appropriate the receipts, seize trains, and disorganize traffic; his truculent officers and rabble soldiers will defile passenger cars; it will be, in other words, as the Peking-Hankow Railway is now.

Take the city of Tsingtao. By every test of justice and the construction of China's ten points that city must be restored to Chinese sovereignty. What will happen? Tsingtao is now the finest city in China, the best-planned, most efficiently laid out and best-built city probably on the Asiatic mainland, a tribute to the German occupation. Two years under Chinese rule, and its roads will be pitted with holes, its public buildings overrun with half-bandits, half-soldiers; its public offices filled with rapacious mandarins bilking the smallest shopkeeper of the uttermost brass cash.

My point is that concrete application of China's enunciated principles means more than the declaration by foreign Powers of their forswearance of exclusive railway contracts, monopolistic wireless contracts and the like, the whole economic and political paramountcy by which they have profited for decades; more than the ultimate loss of territorial footholds and the right of extra-territoriality. There will be direct and immediate consequence in China itself. It will, in the immediate result, further complicate, not simplify, the Chinese problem.

One cannot look at the question from the point of view only of the morals of the great Powers. One must look at it also from the point of view one sees as a resident of China. Immediately the acceptance and application of China's program means a step in retrogression. The relaxation of such foreign restriction as there is now in China will cast more into the pot of disorder, give greater scope for corruption, stretch the bounds of inefficiency. Hands off China is more than a phrase. Put into practice it is an ugly reality.

To take our hands off China squares our own souls, but it makes China worse—for the time. The state of our own souls—we, the great Powers—is sick enough; so that alone may be sufficient cause for taking our hands off. Besides, not to do so makes us sicker. But more important is the fact that there must be a step backward in China before there can be a forward movement. As I said in dealing last week with the practicability of international control for China, circumstances constrain us to the choice between two evils—international control and temporary retrogression in China. The lesser of the two is temporary retrogression. Because their actions prove that their motives are preeminently selfish, the Powers cannot be given the trusteeship of China. China is left therefore to work out its own salvation, with the longer delay and increased suffering that will mean. It must, then, be left completely to its own salvation, and it has declared to the Conference that it so desires.

Let us then face what taking our hands off China means. It means less "law and order," it means a longer time before we can have access to China's raw materials, it means greater hindrances to our foreign trade and a higher barrier to our champing exporters and importers, already fuming in their Shanghai, Hankow, and Tientsin offices at the "weakness" of the foreign Powers *vis-à-vis* China. This, as I say, is the price we must pay if we really mean our now unctuously voiced approvals of China's platform, if we really mean the liberation of China. The test of our sincerity is our willingness to proceed with liberation, recognizing the cost. There is a pious note in the contemporary plaudits that give me to suspect.

But we really must mean liberation of China, and secure it. Again I say: not out of altruism. Out of hard, practical sense. Until China is really on its feet our traders will continue, as they are now, playing about its edges, picking up trifles. Not until then will there be this Chinese market on which consular and commercial reports are so eloquent. We must sacrifice a little now to get more later. Only let us not squeal to our governments and our governments threaten when the sacrifice is due.

In the Driftway

WHEN he hears talk of the merits and demerits of the eight-hour day the Drifter always ruminates on the day he spent at a certain boarding school in Virginia. He is not without Spartan qualities, so, though the month was January and snow lay smooth and brittle upon the fields, he arose at the usual rising hour of 5:30 and walked to breakfast under a bright moon. Between breakfast at 6:15 and the beginning of classes at a quarter past eight the children performed various chores about the building: dish-washing, floor-scrubbing, bread-mixing (which meant manipulating a tin wash-tub full of dough), and all the tasks that at most boarding schools are done quietly and painlessly by the hired help. School ended at noon when chapel began, and resumed after dinner at 1:15. By five o'clock even trade classes were ended and there was nothing to do until supper. For an hour and a half after supper the young students sat in study hall and prepared their lessons for the following day—or tried simply to keep awake. At 9:30 they were in bed, and who shall say they did not deserve the scant eight hours of sleep that was before them? If some of the Drifter's readers doubt this tale of a sixteen-hour day at a boarding school, he hastens to explain: these are the children of an oppressed race; this is an industrial school for Negro boys and girls. Incidentally, the Drifter learns that it wants funds just now. If he were rich he might—but then, if he were rich he would not be the Drifter.

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ANOTHER visit to Virginia is also in the Drifter's mind. His business there is immaterial; but the bright leaves were real indeed. He thought he had never seen such a rich outpouring of colors in all the variations of red and gold. Clear yellow maples stood next to upright pines; there was a field of lustrous russet grass, red clay soil, and blue sky, and a sharp west wind. In fact none of the paraphernalia of autumn, so amply celebrated in prose and verse, were lacking. He knew that in a hundred other places the oaks and maples were as radiant; he had seen autumnal foliage before and he rather expected to see it again, yet he was as amazed and gratified at the sight of it as a young chick pouncing on its first worm. Not that he is over-partial to autumn. Pussywillows in March and horse-chestnut buds unfolding in April affect him just as much; he is excited by snow and summer, bare twigs and abundant harvest. The truth of the matter is that he is an incorrigible weather-fan. All weather seems good to him—except sometimes the gray, bleak, dripping chill of November days.

* * * * *

IT is on rainy days that Tony the Bootblack is most insistent that the Drifter have his shoes shined. Now there are days when the act of reading the morning paper and at the same time stretching out a foot while Tony gives the erstwhile five-cent shine for a dime fills the Drifter with a feeling of comfort—even riches. But who wants shiny shoes in the rain; who wants to splash muddy water on an elegant coat of polish? On rainy days the Drifter frankly admits that his soul is dull. Let his uppers remain so, likewise.

THE DRIFTER

Sonnet

By ANN HAMILTON

WHEN I was far too young to comprehend,
My great-grandfather one day talked to me
As if I were his wise and aged friend
And did not hold a new doll on my knee.
I can remember how his voice was kind,
But what he said I could not understand;
Only these words clung oddly in my mind:
"To burn out like a candle in God's hand" . . .
What other words he uttered I forget.
These are like rubies from a ring unrolled
That in my fingers wait to be reset
When I learn better how to work with gold.
Yet when he spoke them, all I did was stare
And wonder at the whiteness of his hair.

Correspondence

"Our" Disarmament Conference

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The mists that at first obscured the sudden change of attitude on the part of the Administration toward the Disarmament Conference have gradually lifted. We know now why the President and his banking friends agreed to the Borah Amendment. We know now why England, France, and Italy accepted our invitations. They have frankly announced that they want their debts canceled—or "refunded" to use an official expression. The President has announced that these obligations will not be discussed at the Conference, but that it is absolutely necessary to give Secretary Mellon *carte blanche* authority to settle them secretly. A bill conferring this authority upon Secretary Mellon and a self-appointed committee has been jammed through Congress.

Amendments providing (1) that the rate of interest should be not less than 5 per cent; (2) that all debts be paid within thirty-five years at 4 per cent interest; and (3) that the terms of any agreement be first submitted to Congress have been voted down. Meanwhile the banking group has recommended a concurrent secret conference between Secretary Mellon, the foreign delegates, and themselves. In other words, the $10,000,000,000 bled from the American people and loaned the Allies under the stress of war is to be secretly "refunded" and reloaded upon our taxpayers in the shape of increased assessments.

And disarmament? Well, we must not withhold our approbation where credit is due. We must allow that Mr. Hughes, from his point of view, has made quite an advance. But let us not deceive ourselves—we have been cleverly and almost imperceptibly led along from disarmament to limitation of armament and from that to a proportional reduction in naval equipment, which is not disarmament at all. Such a reduction leaves every country in exactly the same relative position, the probabilities of war are no less imminent. There is, in fact, no change whatever in our fundamental principle. If we can limit armaments, we can disarm; and the only way to disarm is to disarm.

Why did not Mr. Hughes frankly state that the United States would adopt disarmament as a national policy, scrapping every battleship and abandoning poison gas and submarine warfare as the first progressive steps in bringing this about, as an example and precedent for other nations to follow?

Because the present balance of power is not to be disturbed; our *relative* strength must be maintained.

Because the banking group who hold our country in the hollow of their hands, and control both the old parties, must have their foreign speculations guaranteed by the United States, and to do this we require a super-naval and military program absorbing 93 per cent of all our Federal taxes. It is the same group cited in the Pujo report—the same group designated by Roosevelt as our "invisible Government" and by Wilson as "the partnership of big business." Likewise the same group to which the platform of the Committee of 48 refers, when it states:

> Our purpose is the abolition of privilege, meaning by privilege the unjust economic advantage by possession of which a small group controls our natural resources, transportation, industry, and credit; stifles competition, equal opportunity of development for all, and thus dictates the conditions under which we live.

The new party now being organized by the Committee of 48 will make this their target. The Congressional tickets they will nominate in 1922 will be pledged to its accomplishment. The membership, who enrol in the Committee of 48 (each member fixing his own monthly dues) will be in the front trenches. The man on the street who wants disarmament has an opportunity to enlist and demand disarmament through the only political channel which has the power and the determination to achieve results instead of flirting with an administration that plays with loaded dice and has no intention of yielding to popular sentiment—simply because their masters will not allow them to do so.

Detroit, November 17

J. A. H. HOPKINS,
Executive Chairman, Committee of 48.

Social Democracy in Scandinavia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Social Democratic movement in Scandinavia has now reached a point where its usefulness as a political entity can be measured impassionately, and it only needs a glance at the figures covering the recent general elections in Sweden to

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realize what the 77,037 Social Democratic votes mean as compared to 48,269 Conservative, 14,387 Liberal, and 7,157 Prohibitionist. Returns from various parts of Sweden show there were elected to the Rikstag 43 Socialists, 13 Liberals, 28 Conservatives, and 5 Agrarians.

Turning to Denmark nothing better illustrates Social Democratic progress in that country than the remarkable demonstrations that marked the fiftieth anniversary of the party during this summer. Just as Hjalmar Branting's leadership has inspired a sane and intelligent following on the part of the masses in Sweden, so in Denmark men like F. J. Borgbjerg and Th. Stauning have understood how to give force to their ideals, and the *Social-Demokraten* of Copenhagen is the best evidence of what journalism can do for the party when in the hands of capable writers who keep within their bounds. Whatever may be the claims of the Soviets in Russia as the redeeming factors in that nation's upbuilding while passing from autocracy to political freedom, in Denmark the Social Democratic party is free from the disturbing influences characteristic of revolutionary growth. What the Social Democrats in Denmark have accomplished in the past fifty years constitutes an epic in political evolution. The struggles against ultra-conservatism were never greater than in the little country between the North Sea and the Baltic. The ruling classes fought socialism tooth and nail. Today that party polls the biggest vote, has the confidence of even its political enemies, if such a thing is at all possible, and the Social Democratic leaders in Parliament never raise their voice but to be listened to with respect.

During the jubilee celebration high honors were paid those early leaders, men like Louis Pio and Harald Brix, who stood in the front rank of the battle. Among the living none are more honored than Povl Geleff who spent the larger part of his life in America as an exile, and returned home to find Denmark one of the most enlightened countries in Europe.

New York, September 28 JULIUS MORITZEN

Rumania and Reaction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see in an article by Mr. Henry G. Alsberg, published in your issue of October 26, the statement that "reaction has gripped Rumania." This assertion is extraordinarily out of place, in view of the fact that the Rumanian Government is at present carrying out what I feel justified in describing as the most thoroughgoing social reform undertaken by any country, apart from Russia, in our day. I don't want to take up too much of your space to prove my contention, but the facts are easily ascertainable, as the Rumanian Government is facilitating investigation by foreign press representatives and other students of public affairs. I refer to the land reform initiated by the Bratiano Ministry in 1917 and now being executed by the Ministry of General Averesco. This reform abolishes the big landed estates and hands them over to the peasants. Its effect on the distribution of land in Rumania can be compared with that of the French Revolution on the land system of France. To call a government in the midst of achieving a social improvement of such radical character "reactionary" is, to say the least, a surprising statement.

Washington, November 12 A. BIBESCO,
Rumanian Minister

Medical Unit for Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Society for Technical Aid to Soviet Russia feels that among your readers there must be many persons who will support their plan to send a medical unit into Russia. That unit is being organized. It will go to Moscow and report to the Public Health Authority for work in the famine area. It must, of course, take in its own food, food for the people of the district where it works, and its own medical supplies and ambulances.

The working people of America who are themselves facing a winter of increasing misery still give in response to Russia's distress, and give magnificently. Fifty thousand dollars for the food supplies of the unit have been contributed, and within the next three weeks it is hoped that $150,000 of medical supplies will be provided. The Society for Technical Aid asks for wholesale drug supplies, bandages, and dressings, unlimited amounts of soap, and for contributions of rubber goods which are the common objects of hospital equipment. Above all it asks for money with which to complete the outfitting of the unit, and hopes that some of the givers of ambulances in the late war will repeat their generosity for this newer need. It is fashionable now to neglect the culture of the Russians, but they are the people of Tolstoi and Chekhov and Dostoevski, and they cry to us for aid in their time of plague and pestilence and famine.

Contributions and supplies should be sent to Room 303, Medical Unit for Soviet Russia, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. The Society will be grateful for immediate response by post and telegraph, as the time of preparation is so short.

SOCIETY FOR TECHNICAL AID TO SOVIET RUSSIA
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

New York, November 16

Violence in India

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial in the current issue of *The Nation* you make reference to the growing number of Indians who are declaring for violence in opposition to Mahatma Gandhi and his policy of non-violent resistance. I do not know the source from which you draw this information, but it is entirely opposite to all that I, an Indian, can gather from a careful reading of different Indian papers, from private letters, and from the mouths of Indians who have arrived within a few weeks or days in this country. Two young men, arrived last week, tell me that Gandhi's followers are increasing every day, owing to the marvelous spiritual power of this great leader. It is reported that more than three-quarters of the population are with Mahatma Gandhi, which means about 200,000,000 people of India.

Even Tagore, who with his poet's mind cannot comprehend the practicability of the non-cooperation idea and the constructive side of Gandhi's program, says: "My conviction is that he [Gandhi] is working a miracle in the political transformation of India, for which service to my country I offer him my homage."

It may seem strange to the mind of the West that such a great change could come about through the methods of Jesus of Nazareth, which is doing no evil against men. Non-violent resistance is no new thing to us Indians. It is far older than the British Raj. Gandhi knew his people, and he chose well his weapon.

New York, November 14 H. G. GOVIL

[We hope our correspondent is right. Our statement was based on the Moplah rising, the allegation in the dispatch we quoted that "several speakers advocated a more advanced program," and a Washington dispatch quoting S. N. Ghose as saying that "1,100,000 volunteers, nearly half of them seasoned soldiers, have been recruited" in preparation for a declaration of independence.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Why Not?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The New York *Evening Post* for October 1 prints its dispatch from the capital of West Virginia under the subhead "Foreign Correspondence of the *Evening Post*."

Ballard Vale, Mass., October 6 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

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Books

Czarist America

Public Opinion and the Steel Strike. Supplementary Reports of the Investigators to the Commission of Inquiry, the Interchurch World Movement. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ALMOST thirty years ago a man of iron named Henry C. Frick with Pinkerton rifles broke the great steel strike of his day and annihilated the Amalgamated Association. Force and suppression did their work; the curse of union labor was removed from the steel mills. The Carnegie Company put completely into effect a policy of no conference with "outsiders" in its labor affairs. That policy the United States Steel Corporation inherited. Judge Gary is the spiritual child of Mr. Frick. As the great steel master of Homestead and his quondam partner look down side by side from the library walls of heaven on the smoky valleys of western Pennsylvania, they must smile with satisfaction to see how faithfully their work is carried on. And they must swell with justifiable pride as they see other American business men treading in their footsteps and girding themselves to smash the unions while the depression is on and the smashing is good.

And yet—is western Pennsylvania perfectly satisfactory? Are our business men creating an ideal world for their children? Let them read the Interchurch report and decide for themselves. Reading that report, they may taste the ripe fruit of the steel masters' anti-union policy, a fruit ripened through thirty years of sunshine and shower. If they like it, there is little left for the rest of us to say; they can doubtless have their way.

The original report related the story of the strike of 1919 and the conditions leading up to it. It rehearsed the damning facts of the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week, placing the responsibility squarely where it belonged, on the shoulders of the steel companies. It gave the unadorned history of the strike itself, and by the simple statement of fact exorcised the devils of bolshevism that our timorous steel men had conjured up for themselves out of Mr. Foster's little red book of antiquities. Today, a year and a half after publication, not one of the statements of fact in the Interchurch report has been challenged. The companies have by silence pleaded guilty—and abused the investigators.

The present volume deals with the more remote, yet no less necessary, consequences of the anti-union policy. The contemptible spy system that is eating the heart out of our industrial life, the practically complete control of the Pittsburgh press and pulpit by the all-powerful steel companies, the absolute domination of the agencies of State and local government in western Pennsylvania by these corporations, and their unchecked power to make public opinion—such is the stuff of this report. In the time of testing, all the vast powers of the companies were instantly marshaled against the strikers, and the strike was doomed.

The ramifications of the spy system leave the ordinary reader gasping with amazement. Can competent business men be so mean, so ignorant, so credulous and gullible as to shape their policy on the reports of such agents? It makes political government look like a miracle of intelligence by comparison. Yet when the Commission interviewed Judge Gary with a view to the settlement of the strike, his first demand was that they should defend their investigators against the mendacious report of an anonymous spy, to which he evidently attached great weight. That report, of proved falsity, and another one of like tenor, prepared at the instance of Snake-in-the-Grass Easley and his precious National Civic Federation, the steel men and their allies spread all over the country. Apparently they believed the silly and malicious nonsense contained in these spy documents.

As for "Pittsburgh's prostituted press," its treatment of the strike may be summed up in one short and ugly word—lies. If anyone doubts it, let him read the report. The Pittsburgh press has to live, and the Pittsburgh pulpit, rich and orthodox, has to preach salvation by faith, so bother the strikers! To the rule of silence in the pulpit there were a few honorable exceptions, and some dishonorable ones.

Most well-informed persons know in a general way that civil liberty is non-existent in western Pennsylvania, and they recall Mayor Crawford's frank announcement that "Jesus Christ himself could not hold a meeting in Duquesne." Yet how many realize that no labor-organizing meetings have been permitted in Homestead since 1892, and that most of the steel communities have laws prohibiting meetings, even indoors, without a permit from the authorities? If the reader will remember that in the various towns "the effectiveness of the strike [which was the measure of union effectiveness] was in proportion to the amount of civil liberty permitted," he will understand why these laws exist. Understanding that, he should next examine the convincing evidence that public authorities worked hand in glove with the steel companies, and should read once more the long, detailed story of illegal acts by the State constabulary, the deputy sheriffs, and the company police, acts ranging all the way from false arrest to murder. And he should remember that all this is no mere incident of the strike, but is the continued growth and flowering of a seed planted thirty years ago.

With all the facts in mind, the thoughtful reader will almost necessarily draw one conclusion and ask one final question, which has already been suggested. The gradual and complete destruction of liberty in western Pennsylvania has grown inevitably out of the non-union policy of the steel companies. If the men wish to organize—and being men, they do wish to organize—the only way to prevent them is by denying them liberty. Suppression of meetings, the silencing of every free voice in press or pulpit, the use of spies, the strict control of local government agencies, and, ultimately, Siberia—all were necessary, inevitable, in the Russia of Nicholas. They are no less necessary, no less inevitable, in the Pittsburgh of Judge Gary. Do the thousands of honest business men who are so eagerly prosecuting the "open shop" campaign really want to spread the Pittsburgh of Judge Gary all over the industrial United States? Before they answer, let them read and ponder the Interchurch report.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Great Hugo

Victor Hugo. By Madame Duclaux. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

THE great man for the hero-worshiper is the man whose life seems to be run not in accordance with the orders of reason but by that magnificent caprice which is usually the especial prerogative of nations. If a man can act on the spur of the moment, he is great. Roosevelt's greatness and Mr. Wilson's littleness are that while the former acted and then explained with a grin, the latter explained and then—sometimes—acted.

It is this trait alone which makes Victor Hugo great as Madame Duclaux presents him to us. Heaven knows there is little enough other cause. From the point of view of literature, he was sometimes charming but more often sentimental, frequently large and powerful but seldom profound and stirring. No one today, no one even among his later contemporaries, considered him seriously as an artist. One cannot fail to snicker at his copious floods of words, the Gothic exaggeration, the barbarous banging of rhymes, the grotesque mingling of the ugly and the beautiful, in almost everything he wrote. Plenteous as a great river, his novels were impressive but not even "Les Misérables" has the sheer power and intensity of, say, "War and Peace." When it came to the delineation of character, Hugo could do the conventional stunts. He could portray "the whore in heroics" and the benevolent angel in tears, the con-

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verted criminal and the hard-hearted magistrate. But to portray the actual men and women about him was beyond his powers. Madame Duclaux has found the secret of all this: she has seen that Hugo could write of nothing but himself. He is the hero of all his novels. He is the Byron of fiction. According to some critics this was enough.

It would indeed have been enough if there had been anything to write about. But as even the novice in psychology knows, the introspective search for a self reveals little more than a tangle of sensations, chaotic desires, and emotions. It was that alone which Hugo found and did not hesitate to express. So that while there is a great deal of roaring and bellowing and being cosmic in his writings, there is no humor and little recording of facts.

Hugo was never a mature man; he never grew up. To his death this shaggy Peter Pan had no ideas of right and wrong, though he had splendid intuitions. As Madame Duclaux points out, he was never able to join a cause until it was lost. When given a chance to act, he was helpless; his power of decision was nil.

But his very weaknesses were what made him attractive to the men and women of romantic inclinations. He was all the yearning and restlessness, all the groaning sentiment and uncurbed force which find their expression in formless and dark lyrics and in endless novels. His weaknesses show him to be not a maker of the nineteenth century but one of its creatures. He had no notion of his goal, but he rolled toward it with his head held high, chanting. Like his country he was buffeted between ideals which were contradictory and steadfastly swore allegiance to them all. Like his countrymen he had no insight into what chance had in store. Had he possessed the gift of prophecy he might conceivably have been a dictator of France. But had he been a dictator of France he might have lived to die forgotten like Lamartine. Fate after all dealt kindly with him. Sainte-Beuve alone succeeded in tweaking him out of his self-satisfaction. Beyond that he had a complaisant wife, a faithful mistress, a growing bank roll, a self-imposed martyrdom. What more could man desire? To be sure he stood alone at the time of his death, his wife, mistress, children, friends, gone before him. But the crowd loved to see him on the Passy-Bourse bus, and he had his posthumous works all ready for publication. He staged his exit beautifully and he carried it out to the letter.

In what sense of the word he was great except in his emotions remains to seen. Who reads "Hernani" now, or "Ruy Blas," or even "Les Misérables"? Who reads them, that is, because they are great literature? Who recalls Hugo's part in the coup d'état of '51? Victor Hugo was great simply because he created the legend of his greatness and scrupulously avoided a frank analysis of anything in the world in which he lived.

GEORGE BOAS

Assimilation

Democracy and Assimilation. By Julius Drachsler. The Macmillan Company. $3.

DISCUSSIONS of immigration and immigrant life in this country are usually so heated that it is refreshing to cool one's forehead against the cold array of facts presented with scientific reserve by Dr. Julius Drachsler in his "Democracy and Assimilation." He expatiates, perhaps at greater length than necessary, on the conditions that have brought the problem of the immigrant into renewed prominence. In a fine chapter he describes the complex organization of the life of the foreigner in America, his economic struggle, his cultural agencies, his press, his fraternal order, and his ghetto. He sees, however, what most excited "one hundred percenters" fail to see, that this magnificent structure, which looks so strong from without, is in truth hollow within and melts like a house of snow under the rays of American freedom and democracy. The children of the foreigner are quite different from their parents; they are economically better situated and live away from their racial settlements. They speak a new language, read the American papers, and enjoy American sports. To regard foreign groupings as permanent or in any way enduring Dr. Drachsler shows to be preposterous.

He proves this by observations taken from everyday life in New York. But even better proof is to be found in the figures on intermarriage which he sets before us. He has painstakingly examined 100,000 marriage certificates on file in the Board of Health in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, for the years 1908-1912. These reveal many interesting facts in regard to intermarriage among foreign groups, but none more important than the rate of increase of the percentage of intermarriage from the first to the second generation. While only one out of ten marriages in the first generation is between men and women of different groups, one out of every three of the children of immigrants marries outside the racial group. These figures are important not only because intermarriage results in the breakdown of group life, but because the rate of intermarriage is an index of the weakness of the group spirit. Dr. Drachsler gives a list of various foreign groupings with their respective percentages of intermarriage which is very illuminating and instructive.

In view of these facts, the author believes the policy of compulsory Americanization to be both unwise and unnecessary. It is unnecessary because assimilation is going on at a surprisingly rapid pace. It is unwise because any attempt to tamper with the natural processes of assimilation will arouse stubborn opposition and increase group consciousness. Indeed, he advocates teaching the children of foreign parents the value of their racial culture so as to strengthen their moral fiber by bringing them closer to their families and to bring to America all that is finest in the various cultures that are represented among us.

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN.

Hueffer and the Academic Young

Thus to Revisit: Some Reminiscences. By Ford Madox Hueffer. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

MANY who denied to Mr. Hueffer much distinction as a poet when his "Collected Poems" appeared eight years ago had at least to admit that his preface to that volume was delicious. For his talk about literature is the talk of a British angel, casual, carefree, unabashed. He takes books and the writers of books so much as a matter of course that we believe he really knows them, and we read him a great deal more seriously than we read certain more serious men. He is the amateur par excellence among the critics and gossips; he swings all fiction at the end of his walking-stick, and he slouches into poetry as he would enter a restaurant in Soho.

"Thus to Revisit" is only partly reminiscential. It does revisit Henry James, "The Master," whom Mr. Hueffer picturesquely worships and adores, "poor dear Stevie Crane," the early Conrad, the early Hudson, and Henley. It does speak in the past tense of days when novelists had artistic conscience, sought the *mot juste*, and worried over form, when France and Russia and Ireland and America were teaching the western world to write. It does look back to an intrepid race of younger poets before the flood who dug their heels in and refused to reel off the "brandified" sentimental rhetoric demanded by custom and the reviews, who chucked all "well-worn, obsolescent, drawing-room words," and tried to compose in verse at least as grammatically and nervously as they would have composed in prose. It even casts a glance toward certain ancients—Catullus, Petronius, Shakespeare—so remote from present controversy that it would be pleasant, were a job more strenuous not on hand, to say at length how good they are. But fundamentally the book is a protest; it breaks a very contemporary lance.

The youngsters, prose and verse, are Mr. Hueffer's real concern. Though not a youngster himself (he is forty-eight, and

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affects eighty), he must write a book in behalf of radical youth. Looking across literary London, he finds less tolerance there toward free, audacious experiment than he ever has seen before, and he is regretful. Not that repression is wholly the work of the old. "The ruling young have become Academic. . . . To the war went all that was tapageur, careless, and uncalculating of Les Jeunes; to the war went the Futurists, the Cubists, the Imagistes, the Vorticists—even the poor old Impressionists. . . . First the door-knockers, and then the steps of the Fane were taken possession of by a serried phalanx of metricists, prosodists, young annalists, young commentators. And there they still remain, controlling all the Sources of Information. That was inevitable: so it was in Athens of old; so it will be forever"—after wars. While Jove nods and Apollo looks to his wounds; the London Mercury rolls logs. "Beautiful talents are reported for dead, or in the alternative, led captive at the wheels of Vested Academists—and beautiful talents are the desperate need of these sad months and years when we tremble on the verge of a return to barbarism."

It is easy to believe Mr. Hueffer when he denies that he is pushing a particular set or boosting a pet movement. He does not claim, nor would it be possible, to like all the youngsters mentioned in these pages equally well: Ezra Pound, D. H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, "H. D.," Richard Aldington, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, Clemence Dane, Edith Sitwell, Aldous Huxley. What he asks is that they and their kind be not so systematically ignored, shouldered out, reported dead. What he insists on until "emotion creeps in" is that London be less shy of movements. "A Movement in the Arts—any movement—leavens a whole Nation with astonishing rapidity; its ideas pour through the daily, the weekly, and the monthly press with the rapidity of water pouring through interstices until at last they reach even the Quarterlies and disturb even the Academicians asleep over their paper-baskets. . . . Movements make for friendships, enthusiasms, self-sacrifice, mutual aid—all fine things! And Movements are things of youth. . . . The healthy young are wise with a queer, instinctive wisdom that must be voiced if the Nation is to be kept healthy. They are no doubt also foolish; perhaps they need handicapping. But today the handicap is unjust."

The possibility, indeed the probability, that the Movement when it does come will sweep over and beyond Mr. Hueffer emphasizes the generosity of his present performance. He has published an often wild and shallow book, but one that is very gallant.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Short Story Changes

Carter and Other People. By Don Marquis. D. Appleton and Company. $1.75.

Ghitza and Other Romances of Gypsy Blood. By Konrad Bercovici. Boni and Liveright. $2.

The Thirteen Travellers. By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE most terrible criticism of the lesser stories of Kipling and on nearly all the stories of O. Henry is furnished by the works of their imitators. Mr. Marquis may, in his own person, not have looked at a volume of either Kipling or O. Henry for years. A very young man need not actually have read them. Yet both Mr. Marquis and that hypothetical younger man would illustrate none the less the glaring literary vices for which those two famous story-writers are responsible: the mercilessly shallow knowingness, the grimly calculated and false effectiveness, the mean swagger of the style. One expects stories of this type in the popular magazines; one is mildly astonished to see them between the covers of a book and a little disappointed at the signature under them of a gifted man.

The essence of these stories is surprise. Yet the literate mind knowing their inevitable direction is neither pleased nor startled when the appointed goal is reached. We know that nature and truth, in the priceless old phrase, will never have the last word to say. That word will always be spoken by ingenuity, and it is perfectly easy—from memories of one's own days of literary efficiency—to imagine that moment in the author's inner processes when the smart, unexpected, stunning end of the tale flashes upon him. But that moment, Mr. Marquis ought to know by now, has nothing to do with the creative process in art but is strictly analogous to the moment in which we find the solution of a conundrum or the triumphant move in chess. It has nothing to do with either expression or observation; it is neither lyric nor epic; it has no inevitableness from within, but is like the exhibition of skill in bridge or golf. That the magazine-reading public is accessible to the exhibition of such skill is natural; that a serious writer should desire to display it in 1921 is depressing. We should have given Mr. Marquis credit for seeing through the mechanism which he uses here.

There is no reason, of course, why stories should not be swift and pointed. But their swiftness and pointedness must be inherent in that life which the author has absorbed and now creatively rebuilds. And the pointedness must spring from within the characters of the people who are put before us and not brought about by an arbitrary juxtaposition of happenings. These better tests are met by the superb gypsy tales—by far the best work he has ever done—of Mr. Bercovici. Here are Rumanian peasants and gypsies and Tartars; here is the romantic Dobrudja; here are the shores of the sea once called the Euxine, and fairs and horses and immemorial folk-ways. If it is customary for men to fight all night in the forest with horse-whips for the chieftainship of a tribe and the possession of a woman, who is not glad to be imaginatively present at that contest? Mr. Bercovici has caught the very savor of the folk-lore of Southeastern Europe and his stories are brilliant with unborrowed heroic gestures, the cruel white of snows, the glow of shawls and kerchiefs, the burnished flanks of horses. Yet he never sacrifices truth and nature to the obvious picturesqueness of his scene or his people. The psychology of his characters is both subtle and convincing. Truth and nature are married to legend and beauty and the result is one of the most charming and stirring of all recent books.

The majority of artists who desire to cultivate the short story will not care to follow the method of Mr. Marquis and will not be in the possession of such happy materials and experiences as Mr. Bercovici. To them no better model could be offered than the thirteen tales in Mr. Hugh Walpole's latest volume. To Mr. Walpole, the short story is a character and the culmination of that character's inevitable fate. He does not disdain an element of surprise. But he uses it only when slumbering or hidden forces in his protagonist's character can be convincingly made to function. Thus in the admirable story Miss Morganhurst he represents the old lady as a riddle to her friends, as she may well have been, recounts the various interpretations her conduct might well have borne, and brings about his singularly stirring end by a single necessary and fatal revelation of all she had kept buried in herself. Occasionally, as in Mrs. Porter and Miss Allen, one is sorry to see Mr. Walpole rely for impressiveness on phenomena of a highly questionable if not indeed absurd character. But the best of his stories, Absalom Jay, Fanny Close, Lucy Moon, and Mr. Nix, are models of effective portraiture through action and suffering. A single motive, furthermore, binds these stories together. They all relate the fate of people under the stress, disillusion, and reaction that has followed the war. Thus Mr. Walpole not only gives us people but a period and links the fate of each with that of mankind.

The Holiday Book Supplement will appear with the next issue of The Nation *and will contain special articles by Robert Herrick, John A. Hobson, H. L. Mencken, and Andreas Latzko, besides numerous reviews of important recent books.*

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Drama

Eugene O'Neill

WITHIN little more than a week two plays by Eugene O'Neill have been produced in New York. Both plays are said to have been rewritten from earlier versions. But criticism has nothing to do with that, since it is in their present form that Mr. O'Neill has chosen to give his works to the world. The production of both plays is far more than adequate. In "Anna Christie" (Vanderbilt Theater) the central part is played by Miss Pauline Lord, an unequal but fascinating artist and personality, with haunting subtlety and quiet power; in "The Straw" (Greenwich Village Theater) Mr. Otto Kruger does the best work he has ever done and illustrates the old truth that the test of an actor is the human verisimilitude of his part. Under these circumstances we have an unusual opportunity for the inquiring into the somewhat vexed question of the quality and character of Mr. O'Neill's talent and work.

A group of critics and a group of friends will not allow that any such question exists. A more disinterested vision cannot overlook that goading of the imagination in "Emperor Jones" which Gilpin's acting concealed, the strange psychological leaps in "Diff'rent," the creaking structure and the cheaply romantic devices of "Gold." Even in "Beyond the Horizon" there were moments when action and passion were deflected for the sake of a theatric pattern. And the same vital weakness once more disfigures "Anna Christie." The standard reply begins with the question: "But who else in America has . . .?" Very well. It is precisely because Mr. O'Neill is a man of high talent and high intellectual integrity that an easy acceptance of very imperfect work is neither a compliment to him nor a service.

His experience of life has been very intense but apparently rather narrow. Upon this experience he has reflected profoundly in the mass but impatiently in detail. His types and motives are recurrent. The seafaring men hover a little on the fringes of life. They are never quite central in significance and the edge of that significance is often dulled by a touch of the fantastic. His women, up to Anna Christie, are romantically and conventionally seen through common fallacies of their changeableness, innocence, and inner dependence. He has kept personally aloof from the theater but family tradition and, it may be, managerial pressure have kept him painfully aware of its supposed exigencies. The superior inner logic of "The Straw" may be attributed to the fact that he wrote the play in five scenes and dispensed with the conventional division into acts. It is clear, at all events, that he conceives his actions both powerfully and philosophically. The moment he begins to write, however, he abandons the leadership of his conception. Somewhere his plays begin to break. There are strange gaps, twists, insufficiencies. He grasps after straws: lover and father of a woman sign up, by coincidence, for the same ship to the same port; a woman is convinced she loves one brother and suddenly discovers that her choice is wrong; an acute and poetic young journalist doesn't see that a very naive and sincere girl has set her whole heart on him (she gives the audience every evidence of her feeling; he stands beside her and watches her and sees nothing; a revolver is flashed for no reason except to heighten the theatric momentum); an obliging storm casts upon a barge a man who, starved in an open boat for three days, recognizes at once in the barge-master's daughter the fated passion of his life. Synopses of O'Neill's plays would need constantly to use such phrases as: "But just at that moment . . . but he (or she) did not realize." Coincidence and cross-purposes prolong his actions, not the iron march of events or the unanswerable necessities of the soul.

Yet he knows that march of events and those necessities. When her wretched, fuddled old father begs for her forgiveness Anna Christie replies: "Don't bawl about it. There ain't nothing to forgive anyway. It ain't your fault and it ain't mine and it ain't his neither. We're all poor nuts. And things happen. And we just get mixed in wrong, that's all." In that speech and in that moment the essentials of human tragedy are faultlessly set forth. And, indeed, the entire fable of "Anna Christie" was calculated to set them forth: the father's fear and hatred of the sea, his belief that inland good people would guard his child, the poor girl's tragic and ironic history, and its gradual revelation to him. But the incidents used to convey that revelation are gross and palpable devices of the theater from which flash forth, lonely and estranged, the genuinely noble moments that were inherent in the original conception. At the end of the third act Anna Christie speaks the words I have quoted; at the end of the fourth we are asked to envisage her idyllically in a cottage, a lamp in the window, waiting until her father and her husband return from their long voyage which is to bring them forgetfulness of their misery and of her shame. In "The Straw" the action is kept tighter and its development follows a purer line. As always in O'Neill's plays individual characters—here old Carmody and Mrs. Brennan—are superbly done. He has this mark of the creative dramatist, that his minor characters are often as memorable as any. But again the line of action has its terrible wavering and almost breach in the plain debatableness, to put it mildly, of Stephen Murray's utter ignorance of Eileen's feelings toward him. And the line snaps off and does not reach its culminating point when Stephen discovers, too late, that he loved Eileen all the time. In a word, Mr. O'Neill is austere in conception and atmosphere, not in the development of his fables. He interferes with fate. He helps it out. He must learn to be more passive and vigilant. He must keep closer to the humble truth. In it are power, greatness, permanence. He does not need storms, pistols, misunderstandings, coincidences. He, of all our dramatists, can afford to forego them. When he does he will write not memorable fragments but a memorable play.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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The Arbitrator

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An Interplanetary Conference

Martian. A beautiful planet is your Earth, not only as observed through our glasses but as viewed from its periphery.

Earthian. Yes, we consider it the perfect creation; and we are proud of the civilization we have developed.

Martian. To suggest that you make your civilization comparable to your natural resources, that is why I have come.

Earthian. Has Mars progressed further than we have? Have you automobiles, airplanes, subways, submarines, phonographs, and moving pictures?

Martian. None of these inventions have we; nor explosive bombs, battleships, torpedoes, poison gas, or player-pianos.

Earthian. Then you are backward in the sciences. Our inventors discover one wonder after another, and our business men develop and adapt them. That makes our civilization.

Martian. Marvelous inventions; incredible civilization!

Earthian. You speak ironically? Note our rules of law and order, and our clothes. You can distinguish a civilized community by its clothes.

Martian. Your habiliments are poverty, injustice, and war.

Earthian. Civilization cannot entirely eliminate those evils.

Martian. So with us of yore; now they are gone.

Earthian. Can you instruct us how to accomplish that ideal when human nature is selfish.

Martian. Be more selfish.

Earthian. That is impossible. Our whole life is devoted to obtaining the best for ourselves. When we discover a new process, we patent it to reserve the benefits. Competition for material advantages is the prime motive of our existence. Our religion teaches the necessity for individual salvation.

Martian. Abandon petty selfishness which brings not the results you seek, and adopt superselfishness that you may obtain the highest possible benefits that earthly evolution can provide.

Earthian. If there is any way in which we can gain more for ourselves, pray demonstrate it.

Martian. Follow the laws of the universe.

Earthian. Self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Martian. But the law of the universe is that you gain most for yourself by improving conditions for all. Our spiritual revolution has demonstrated that apparent individual gain is loss, while sacrifice of privilege produces better civilization.

Earthian. I don't know what you mean by "spiritual." I want the practical.

Martian. The most practical of the sciences is spiritual evolution. It produces health and happiness for the individual, prosperity and security for the race.

Earthian. Demonstrate the advantage to ourselves and we shall be quick to make the change. If your superselfishness requires no sacrifice, we are for it.

Martian. The laws of the universe are more kindly than you imagine. All is ordered for your welfare; you can have what you want. Your Earth will support you lavishly. Why not have the best?

Earthian. We make the most of each opportunity as it comes.

Martian. That is your downfall. You see only immediate gain. If a man steals, he gains temporarily. If a country secures special privileges in a land of ignorant people, it gains temporarily. If a nation conquers provinces, it gains temporarily. But what are all these gains compared to the loss that invariably results?

Earthian. The loss of prestige, you mean?

Martian. The loss by war. War, the devastator of civilization, is a concomitant of your social order. Wars make earth-spots on your surface offensive to our vision. You don't know what you are doing. Tell me the purpose of the Balkan wars.

Earthian. Why, they were-er—why they—I don't really know.

Martian. All your wars appear equally trivial to Mars.

Earthian. You don't understand conditions here. Each person, each nation is in competition with all others. We all feel that others will not act as justly as we ourselves. War is horrible, but inevitable.

Martian. It can be abolished.

Earthian. A beautiful dream, but impossible of fulfilment.

Martian. We once suffered from the same spiritual deformity. We fought to preserve civilization. Now it grieves us to see you making the supreme sacrifice to save what is not worth saving. No sacrifice is needed.

Earthian. You live in a different plane; I don't understand.

Martian. There is nothing mystical about it. You don't obey the simplest laws of life. You are so universally wrong that the safest way, for some years to come, will be to act exactly opposite to your impulses.

Earthian. Such as?

Martian. You make peace and adopt the militarism you despise; you inflict an indemnity on one nation, and impose on its victors an equal burden; you raise the value of the dollar so high that no one can afford to buy from you; you think the best way to preserve peace is to prepare for war; you let 2 per cent of the people own 60 per cent of the wealth; you reward men and women inversely to their value to society.

Earthian. We are compelled to do many inconsistent things to avoid a revolution.

Martian. Our revolution began 500 years ago. Already the results are phenomenal. Martian nature has been changed. Scientific study of heredity and environment has elevated our people to a plane of equality. No class distinctions exist. There is no economic competition; instead, prosperity for all who are willing to do their share. We have a longer average span of life. This would not be a blessing under your system, but with us prolongation of life is a delight, for we are almost entirely free from illness and unhappiness.

Earthian. What is our trouble?

Martian. You don't even try. You are so devoted to getting the better of others you fail to get the best for

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yourselves. You need superselfishness. You have no organizations for developing spiritual evolution.

Earthian. We have our churches.

Martian. They follow, not lead. Attempting to reconcile new discoveries with ancient traditions, they are neither spiritual nor practical.

Earthian. We have our political parties, our constitutions, our governments.

Martian. None of them devoted to your ultimate good. Heaven must be substituted for earth through spiritual revolution.

Earthian. Give us a workable code.

Martian. Change the spirit which retards your progress, the selfish competition that ruins you. Cast off the old regime. Instead of deriding those who endeavor to improve conditions, make them your chief counselors. Welcome the new vision of those you have persecuted. Adopt measures that will benefit your enemies; they will save you too.

Political Programs

WHILE there is no Martian to advise regarding the best possible methods of social reform, a number of groups of forward-looking people have formulated programs. That of the COMMITTEE OF 48 advocates:

Public control of natural resources by taxation of all land values, including land containing coal, oil, natural gas, mineral deposits, large water powers, and large commercial timber tracts, in order to prevent monopoly and speculation, to aid industry, and to force idle lands into use.

Public ownership of railroads, canals and pipe lines, including all necessary distributing and terminal facilities and all necessary means of communication, in order to give the same service to all users.

Equal rights, economic, legal, and political, for all citizens, and all Civil Rights, including Free Speech, Free Press, and Peaceable Assembly, as guaranteed by the Constitution. . . .

Those interested should communicate with J. A. H. Hopkins, 15 East 40th Street, New York City.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY, the best known of the reformers, includes the following principles in its platform:

All business vitally essential for the existence and welfare of the people, such as railroads, express service, steamship lines, telegraphs, mines, oil wells, power plants, elevators, packing houses, cold storage plants, and all industries operating on a national scale, should be taken over by the nation.

All publicly owned industries should be administered jointly by the government and representatives of the workers, not for revenue or profit, but with the sole object of securing just compensation and humane conditions of employment to the workers and efficient and reasonable service to the public.

All banks should be acquired by the government and incorporated in a unified public banking system.

The business of insurance should be taken over by the government, and should be extended to include insurance against accident, sickness, invalidity, old age, and unemployment, without contribution on the part of the worker.

Congress should enact effective laws to abolish child labor, to fix minimum wages, based on an ascertained cost of a decent standard of life, to protect migratory and unemployed workers from oppression, to abolish detective and strike-breaking agencies, and to establish a shorter work-day in keeping with increased industrial productivity.

The power of the courts to restrain workers in their struggles against employers by the writ of injunction or otherwise, and their power to nullify congressional legislation, should be abrogated.

Federal judges should be elected by the people and be subject to recall.

All claims of the United States against allied countries for loans made during the war should be canceled upon the understanding that all war debts among such countries shall likewise be canceled. The largest possible credit in food, raw material, and machinery should be extended to the stricken nations of Europe in order to help them rebuild the ruined world.

The Government of the United States should initiate a movement to dissolve the mischievous organization called the League of Nations and to create an international parliament, composed of democratically elected representatives of all nations of the world, based upon the recognition of their equal rights, the principles of self-determination, the right to national existence of colonies and other dependencies, freedom of international trade and trade routes by land and sea, and universal disarmament, and be charged with revising the treaty of peace on the principles of justice and conciliation.

The United States should make and proclaim it a fixed principle in its foreign policy that American capitalists who acquire concessions or make investments in foreign countries do so at their own risk, and under no circumstances should our Government enter into diplomatic negotiations or controversies or resort to armed conflicts on account of foreign property claims of American capitalists.

All war debts and other debts of the Federal Government should immediately be paid in full, the funds for such payment to be raised by means of a progressive property tax, whose burdens should fall upon the rich and particularly upon great fortunes made during the war.

A standing progressive income tax and a graduated inheritance tax should be levied to provide for all needs of the government, including the cost of its increasing social and industrial functions.

The unearned increment of land should be taxed, all land held out of use should be taxed at full rental value.

THE FARMER-LABOR PARTY is pledged to Labor's Bill of Rights:

1. The unqualified right of all workers, including civil-service employees, to organize and bargain collectively with employers through such representatives of their unions as they choose.
2. Freedom from compulsory arbitration and all other attempts to coerce workers.
3. A maximum standard 8-hour day and 44-hour week.
4. Old age and unemployment payments and workmen's compensation to insure workers and their dependents against accident and disease.
5. Establishment and operation, through periods of depression, of governmental work on housing, road-building, reforestation, reclamation of cut-over timber, desert and swamp lands and development of ports, waterways, and water-power plants.
6. Reeducation of the cripples of industry as well as the victims of war.
7. Abolition of employment of children under sixteen years.
8. Complete and effective protection for women in industry, with equal pay for equal work.
9. Abolition of private employment, detective and strike-breaking agencies, and extension of the federal free employment service.
10. Prevention of exploitation of immigration and immigrants by employers.
11. Vigorous enforcement of the Seamen's Act, and the most liberal interpretation of its provisions.
12. Exclusion from interstate commerce of the products of convict labor.
13. A federal department of education.

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International Relations Section

British Imperial Politics and the Arms Conference

I. Britain's Hold on the Continent of Asia

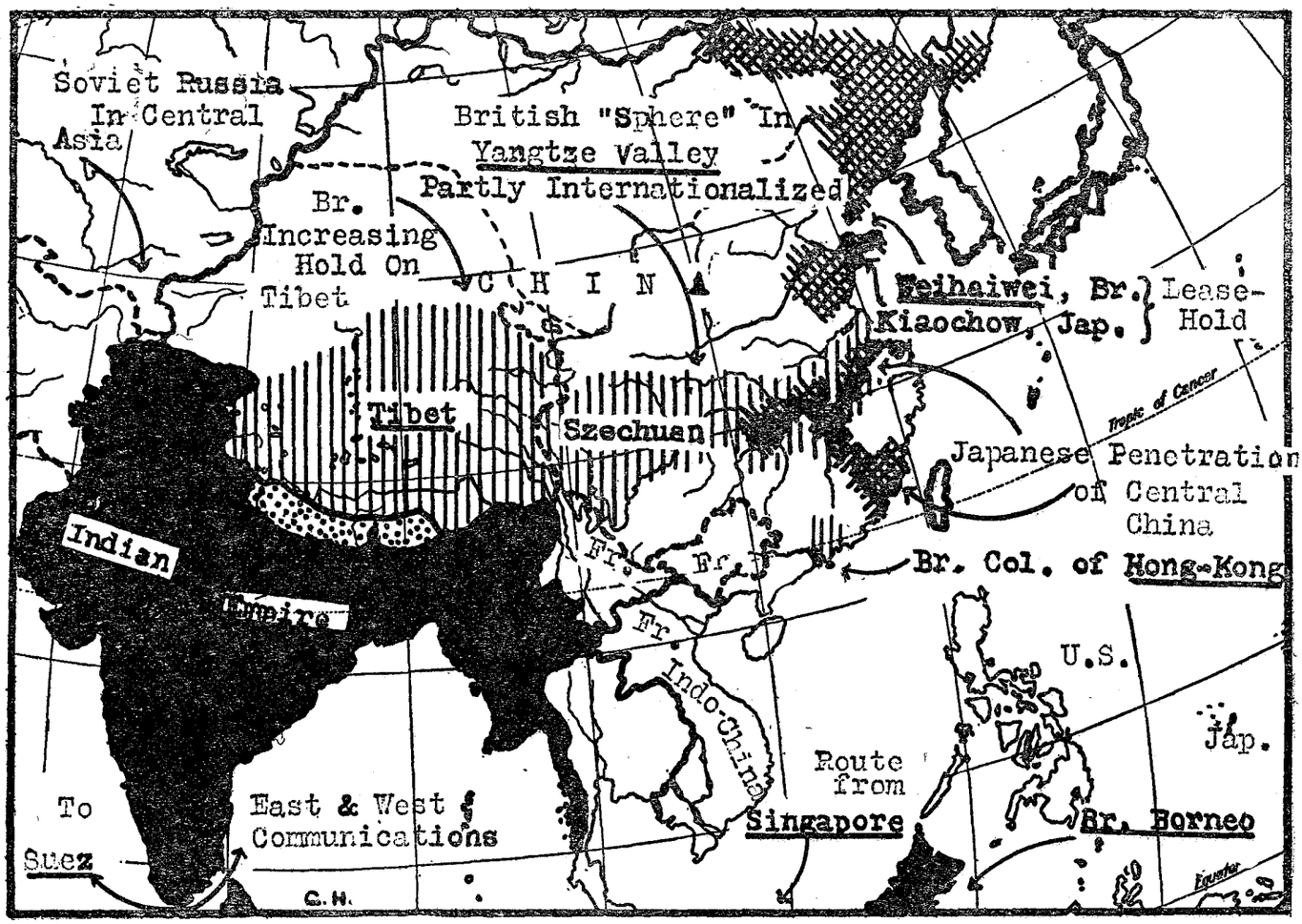
By CHARLES HODGES

BUILT piece by piece as a business proposition between 1600 and the present time, the outstanding stakes at the Arms Conference are the British Empire east of Suez. An appreciation of these commercial foundations of world dominion—their determining effect on British policy, particularly as it may be demonstrated at the Washington Conference—is the condition precedent to any understanding of Great Britain in the Pacific East. And if these foundations mark her far-flung power, equally do they create in turn the problems of imperial security which have come to underlie all the British moves in this quarter of the world. The holdings of Britain more or less directly affecting the Far Eastern situation consist of (1) India and the Middle East, flanking China on the west and south; (2) the political-economic stakes of Britain in the erstwhile Chinese Empire; and (3) the British commonwealths and dependencies on the Pacific.

1. The Middle East the Political Mainspring of Britain's Oriental Diplomacy

A. Extent

British holdings in the Middle East, spreading across all South-Central Asia bordering the Indian Ocean, comprise the Indian Empire proper, including Burma; the protectorates in the Malay Peninsula; and the directly held strategic Straits Settlements, with Singapore lying as a Gibraltar to Far Eastern seas.



On this map the solid black sections are integral parts of the British Empire, those shaded with vertical lines are subject to British penetration, while the border states north of India, indicated by dots, while not a part of the Empire, are completely dominated by Great Britain.

Summarily, this includes the Indian Empire's 1,802,000 square miles with some 315,000,000 people averaging 175 to the mile, the greatest field for commercial endeavor outside of China itself; the protectorate over some 27,000 miles of the Federated Malay States and their 1,036,000 inhabitants, plus five other native states without the Federation covering 23,486 square miles of territory and a population under a million; and the Straits Settlements, a crown colony of Great

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Britain consisting of three parts commanding the Indian entrance to the Straits of Malacca and the Empire gateway of Singapore at the tip of the Malay Peninsula.

B. Title

This is the direct result of a "business mandate" over the Middle East taken on itself by the old British East India Company. Founded in 1600, it entered into the scramble for the trade of the East and contested with the Dutch and French through the seventeenth century for an economic predominance in this part of Asia. In this clash of political and commercial rivals, the early eighteenth-century French supremacy in India was ended by the series of European conflicts redistributing the hegemony of the world and culminating with France's defeats in the Napoleonic struggles.

The fratricidal strife of ambitious native Indian rulers drew the empire-holding East India Company into the constant extension of its control over territories in which the British magnates at the beginning had taken only a business interest. As commercial penetration broadened the trade horizon, the British turned toward China's closed trade doors in the extreme East. Then the Indian Mutiny of 1857 terminated the control of a chartered company organizing, exploiting, and defending against all comers, rival concerns or foreign Powers, one of the world's greatest parcels of imperial real estate. The administration of India was entirely transferred to the British Crown, liquidating the East India Company as a governing corporation.

In this way Britain step by step had imperceptibly taken on the liabilities of empire with the assets of imperial business. It meant that the British Foreign Office, to protect in the nineteenth century what had already accrued to England through the widening interest of its business enterprise, began to act in Asia in terms of imperial politics—"buffer states," "spheres of influence," "rectification of frontiers," "protectorates," and "vital interests." Hence the Anglo-Russian rivalry which brought strategic railroads across the face of North India and pressure on Russia which turned her ponderously into the Far East—laying the foundations for the Russo-Japanese War in 1904, with the undermining of China from the north and the upsetting of the "balance of power" here. Likewise the resumption of the traditional Anglo-French struggle, with French imperialism recrudescent in Indo-China, producing the British "forward policy" on the southwestern flank of China's eighteen provinces, whittling away territories nominally under the suzerainty of Siam, and giving Singapore a new significance in the control of routes into the Pacific.

C. Effects on British Policies

As assets from this empire born of a trading company's business expansion, Britain found a market for its rapidly increasing manufactured products as well as a reservoir of raw materials—especially those tropic essentials of our present-day machine economy in the West. Moreover, strategically it placed in British hands the Middle-Eastern stepping-stones of world communications, traffic control stations, as it were, between the Pacific markets and the homeland via Suez.

Its liabilities were those inevitably growing from a Sea Power accepting the implications of vast continental holdings possessed far from the center of imperial control. The direct outstanding effects have been the strained relations with Russia dictating a steady pressure upon China's loosely held dependencies of Tibet and Mongolia, and Downing Street's growing lack of freedom of action, manifesting itself as Japan's position changed from that of an ally, a local factor in Extreme Eastern events, to a World Power casting its shadow across the face of Asia from East to West.

II. Britain's Political-Economic Stakes in China

A. Extent

Rendered commercially secure by reason of her possession of the Indian base of operations in the Middle East, British interest in China has been primarily economic. The British vested interests in China consist of:

1. Territorial holdings of two kinds: the crown colony of Hong-Kong off the South Coast, possessed in fee simple; and the leasehold of Weihaiwei in North China.

2. Special position in relation to other Chinese territory: the British "sphere of interest" in the Central Yangtze Valley and her paramount interest in China's westernmost dependency of Tibet.

3. Extra-territorial rights, ranging from British administered municipal "concessions" in certain treaty ports to the general consular jurisdiction over British subjects, identical to that enjoyed more or less extensively by the other Powers.

4. Economic concessions—such as railway rights, developmental privileges opening up China's vast reserves of natural resources, and a large part in China's commercial and governmental financing.

5. Special administrative interests: a privileged position in regard to certain departments of the Chinese Government, as the headship of the Maritime Customs, etc.

6. General equity: in relations among the Powers with respect to China's future and in dealings between the Powers and China directly Britain occupies a position of major importance in dictating decisions as to Chinese destinies.

B. Title

Territorial Holdings. As a result of the First Foreign War, the British were ceded outright Hong-Kong by the Treaty of Nanking of 1842. At the same time, by Article II, the Emperor of China agreed:

> That British subjects, with their families and establishments, shall be allowed to reside, for the purpose of carrying on their mercantile pursuits, without molestation or restraint, at the cities and towns of Canton, Amoy, Foochowfoo, Ningpo, Shanghai; and Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, etc., will appoint superintendents, or consular officers, to reside at each of the above-named cities or towns, to be the medium of communication between the Chinese authorities and the said merchants, and to see that just duties and other dues of the Chinese Government as hereafter provided for are duly discharged by her Britannic Majesty's subjects.[1]

This laid the basis for the opening up of China legally to the commercial exploitation of the Western Powers. The British treaty, by the "most favored nation" clause, established privileges which became the basis of general intercourse with China.

Until the Chino-Japanese War of 1894 Britain pursued in common with the other Powers a policy of indirection. But when the Germans initiated the virtual partition of the Chinese Empire through the lease of Kiaochow dominating Shantung, by the Convention of March 6, 1898, followed by the Russian lease of Port Arthur twenty-one days later just across the Gulf of Pechili for an initial twenty-

[1] W. W. Willoughby, "Foreign Rights and Interests in China," pp. 16, ff., 103 ff.

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five-year period and the French acquisition of Kwanchowwan south of Hong-Kong for ninety-nine years, using the German precedent, by the Convention of May 27, 1898, the British felt obliged to move to redress the balance of power. On June 9 the United Kingdom leased from China the so-called New Territory on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong and back of Kowloon for ninety-nine years and on July 1 concluded a convention by which China leased Weihaiwei to Britain for so long as Russia occupied Port Arthur. This move was calculated to neutralize the advantages her Russian rival gained, the agreement reading:

In order to provide Great Britain with a suitable naval harbor in North China and for the better protection of British commerce in the neighboring seas, the Government of His Majesty the Emperor of China agree to lease to the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Weihaiwei, in the province of Shantung and the adjacent waters, for so long a period as Port Arthur shall remain in the occupation of Russia.[2]

SPECIAL POSITION. In the "battle of concessions" thus opened up at the close of the nineties, Great Britain proceeded to fortify her paramount commercial interests in Central China by securing from the Chinese Board of Foreign Affairs, February 11, 1898, a declaration to the effect "that China would never alienate (any territory) in the provinces adjoining the Yangtze to any other Power, whether under lease, mortgage, or any other designation." The Chinese stated:

The Yamen have to observe that the Yangtze region is of the greatest importance as concerning the whole position (or interests) of China, and it is out of the question that territory (in it) should be mortgaged, leased, or ceded to another Power. Since Her Britannic Majesty's Government has expressed its interest (or anxiety) it is the duty of the Yamen to address this note to the British Minister for communication to his Government.[3]

Similarly, Great Britain entered into special commitments with her rival to fortify the status quo, the British being primarily concerned over the maintenance of existing commercial opportunities rather than looking with any favor on the steps toward the partition of China. For instance, a general accord was reached with France by the Declaration of London, January 15, 1896, in an endeavor to anticipate attempts to establish exclusive spheres, both Powers agreeing to share "all privileges and advantages of any nature" which either might acquire in Yunnan or Szechuan.[4]

The British Foreign Office, obsessed with the menace from Russia in Asia, attempted an agreement with Russia, April 28, 1899, by which an exchange of notes bound the two parties as follows:

1. Great Britain engages not to seek for her own account, or on behalf of British subjects or of others, any railway concessions to the north of the Great Wall of China, and not to obstruct, directly or indirectly, applications for railway concessions in that region supported by the Russian Government.

2. Russia, on her part, engages not to seek for her own account, or on behalf of Russian subjects or of others, any railway concessions in the basin of the Yangtze and not to obstruct, directly or indirectly, applications for railway concessions in that region supported by the British Government.[5]

This anxiety to guard against Russian aggression produced the Salisbury-Hatzfeldt Agreement between England and Germany, signed October 16, 1900, to reconcile the interests of the two Powers:

1. It is a matter of joint and permanent international interest that the ports on the rivers and littoral of China should remain free and open to trade and to every other legitimate form of economic activity for the nationals of all countries without distinction; and the two Governments agree on their part to uphold the same for all Chinese territory as far as they can exercise influence.

2. Her Britannic Majesty's Government and the Imperial German Government will not, on their part, make use of the present complication to obtain for themselves any territorial advantages in Chinese dominions, and will direct their policy toward maintaining undiminished the territorial condition of the Chinese Empire.

3. In case of another Power making use of the complications in China in order to obtain under any form whatever such territorial advantages, the two Contracting Parties reserve to themselves to come to a preliminary understanding as to the eventual steps to be taken for the protection of their own interests in China.[6]

When America, the only Power in a position to move disinterestedly, made her first diplomatic move in the direction of assuring the integrity of China and equality of commercial opportunity for all nations, the British alone were in fundamental sympathy with the efforts of Secretary of State Hay. Only in so far as "imperial exigencies" forced British policy to deviate from what was primarily a commercial interest in China did the Foreign Office embark on typically Old World diplomatic maneuvers. Such circumstances were notably found in British policy toward the dependency of Tibet. Under the suzerainty of China Tibet became one of the keys in the struggle between Russia and Britain for the control of the loosely held parts of Central Asia. Hence since the eighties Great Britain and China have been more or less steadily in disagreement; and the general trend of British effort has been to close Tibet to any but their own or Chinese penetration. Especially with the Russian efforts to detach Outer Mongolia from a similar weak Chinese overlordship, the British have pursued a vigorous line of action culminating in a set of twelve demands by Great Britain on the Chinese Government during March, 1917, which aroused the strongest opposition from China. Settlement is still pending.[7]

EXTRA-TERRITORIAL RIGHTS. Pioneering in the extension of Western trade, the British have pursued the general European policy of taking full advantage of their extra-territorial rights. While British municipal "concessions" are maintained in the centers of Chinese trade such as Hankow and Tientsin, the former British settlement in Shanghai has been internationalized in conformity with the general British policy of non-exclusive privileges best exemplified by the making of Hong-Kong one of the world's greatest free ports. In the matter of protecting her subjects, the British foreign policy here as elsewhere is marked by a vigorous defense of all "legitimate" interests.

It should be emphasized that nowhere have the British, under cover of such extra-territorial rights, followed the Russian and Japanese in using railway concessions to create zones of foreign military occupation and political administration along the rights of way—typical of the Russian, and subsequently, of the Japanese, development of Manchuria as well as being introduced into the protested Japanese

[2] William Rockhill, "Treaties and Conventions With or Concerning China and Korea," No. 13.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. 22.
[4] See preceding article on French Vested Interests at the Arms Conference. *The Nation*, November 16, 1921, p. 581.
[5] William Rockhill, *op. cit.*, No. 27.
[6] William Rockhill, "Treaties and Conventions With or Concerning China and Korea," No. 14.
[7] On the exceedingly involved Tibetan situation see W. W. Willoughby, *op. cit.*, chapter 17; "The China Year Book," 1919, pp. 614-623.

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With Christmas only a month away, the Committee is aiming to show these Fellow Workers that they have not been forgotten.

Will you help to cheer them on Christmas Day?

Will you help us make sure that the wives and children of our prisoner members are assured protection until their husbands and fathers are released?

Will you help to see that the Fellow Workers who are to be deported may be furnished with a little money when they leave here, to enable them to rest in comfort until they can obtain employment in the country to which they are sent?

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succession to German interests in the province of Shantung.

ECONOMIC CONCESSIONS. The British, as world-wide engineers and financiers, have played a large share in developing Chinese railways. Subject to the agreements just mentioned, the activities of Great Britain have been concentrated in Central China. But it must not be assumed that invasions of this so-called sphere have been lacking, especially the operations carried on by the Belgian capital group and most recently by the Japanese in an effort to link part of the lower Yangtze valley with their preferential rights in Fukhien. Moreover, the accessibility of Central China up to the Yangtze gorges has made British primacy non-monopolistic. The exception to this has been most marked in the westernmost provinces, and such concessions as the Pritchard Morgan rights.[8]

In practice Great Britain's priorities here have never been exclusive. For instance, German technicians initiated the Chinese iron development at Hankow at the close of the nineties, while Japan a decade later began buying in to what became the famous Hanyehping enterprise. Furthermore, Japanese capital since the Great War has systematically invaded this part of the eighteen provinces not infrequently asserted to be monopolized by British interests.[9]

Another aspect of the disintegration of Great Britain's quasi-exclusive position in the Yangtze Valley is revealed by an examination of the Sextuple Group activities and the Old Consortium which began the formal internationalizing of this part of China prior to the revolution of 1911. Likewise, the New Consortium on the basis of participation now apparent leaves Japan in a much more exclusive position in South Manchuria; and at no time can it be asserted British railway development has resulted in a preferential manipulation of transport facilities in the interests of Britain's trade.

SPECIAL ADMINISTRATIVE INTERESTS. When China first faced the need of reorganizing her administration and foreign assistance became the order of the day, there commenced vigorous competition among the Powers as to opportunities to place their subjects in strategic positions. This became particularly pronounced in the critical period following the war with Japan and the commencement of large-scale financing from the Western money markets.

Britain, with her primary trade interests, was especially concerned over the Maritime Customs reorganized under English supervision. A declaration accordingly was secured from the Chinese Board of Foreign Affairs stating in part:

> British trade with China exceeds that of all other countries, and, as the Yamen have frequently agreed and promised, it is intended that as in the past, so in the future, an Englishman shall be employed as Inspector-General.
>
> But if at some future time the trade of some other country at the various Chinese ports should become greater than that of Great Britain, China will then of course not be bound necessarily to employ an Englishman as Inspector-General.[10]

A similar allocation to British direction of a Chinese government service occurs in the administrative direction of the Salt Gabelle, also a security for many Chinese loans like the Maritime Customs, by British technical assistance. In such reorganized administrations, the personnel is pro-rated among the subjects of the Powers where foreigners are extensively employed; and the same process dictates the appointment of "advisers" to the various Chinese ministries.

GENERAL EQUITY. The effect of British trade expansion in China since the middle of the past century and of the growing political tension with the accelerated competition of the Great Powers throughout the East has been to make Great Britain's general equity in this part of the world one of vast dimensions. With it, at times there has been manifest a deep-seated conflict between Empire interests as a whole, represented by Downing Street's diplomatic tactics, and the predominant commercial interests of British trade and finance domiciled in China. Anglo-Japanese relations have been a notable case in point in recent years, where local British interests which have been forced to sacrifice themselves more than once because of conditions brought about by the war, frequently find themselves officially unsupported when their immediate needs are judged from London to be counter to imperial policies.[11]

On the whole, as between the entirely disinterested course of action characteristic of American diplomacy—and possible only by reason of the lack of vested interests of a vital kind to encumber the United States in the way other Powers are trammeled—and the contrasting Old World school of statesmanship, the British have tended to back the more liberal course of action in regard to China's problems.

[8] William F. Collins, "Mineral Enterprise in China," pp. 59 ff.
[9] As witness the Twenty-One Demands of Japan made on China in 1915 with Group III diplomatically sealing Japanese control on the Hanyehping Iron Works and Group IV covering railways here.
[10] William Rockhill, *op. cit.*, No. 23.

[11] The Proceedings of the British Chambers of Commerce in China have furnished such official testimony as to the attitude of British business in the Far East from time to time.

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